



MAINE

IN VERSE AND STORY



GEORGE A. CLEVELAND



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GEORGE A. CLEVELAND



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11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
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23
24
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26
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31
32
33
34
35
36
37
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83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
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98
99
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1915



THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

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APR 12 1915
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no,

To
THE STATE OF MAINE
This book is affectionately
Dedicated

new Apr. 13 '15.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>Maine</i>	9
<i>The Reformation of Stephen Gilkins</i>	19
<i>When the Red Specked Trout Are Running</i> <i>up Stream</i>	36
<i>The Coming of the Stage</i>	38
<i>An Idyl of the Hay Field</i>	41
<i>The Bronzen Clock</i>	43
<i>The Spring Time Welcome of the Wood</i> ...	44
<i>The Harnsorn Punkin Blow</i>	45
<i>The King of the Allagash</i>	46
<i>Katahdin</i>	62
<i>Congarnebeake</i>	64
<i>The Autumn Leaves</i>	65
<i>The Penobscot</i>	66
<i>The Loved Pine Cone</i>	68
<i>Fishin' Through the Ice</i>	69
<i>The Wakening of the Wild</i>	71
<i>Uncle Si's Retaliation</i>	72
<i>The River's Life</i>	74
<i>June</i>	76
<i>The Frost King's Reign</i>	77
<i>"The Situation's Worse"</i>	78
<i>The Breath of Death</i>	80
<i>On Old Sunkhaze</i>	115
<i>When the Birds are on the Wing</i>	117
<i>Hiram's Return</i>	119
<i>And the Sea Shall Give Up its Dead</i>	121
<i>September</i>	122
<i>The Bangor Fair</i>	124
<i>The Larchmont</i>	126
<i>Our Volunteers</i>	128
<i>Lincoln</i>	129

CONTENTS

	PAGE
<i>The Remick Case</i>	133
<i>To "Jock" Darling</i>	150
<i>The Cast of the Mottled Fly</i>	152
<i>Nightfall on the Lake</i>	153
<i>Nearer My God to Thee</i>	154
<i>A Maine Forest Drama</i>	155
<i>The Wind and the Waters Obey My Will</i> ..	157
<i>Dan de Lion</i>	158
<i>Columbia's Lament</i>	159
<i>The "Hurry Up" Nag</i>	161
<i>Uncle Jed</i>	163
<i>The Symphony o' Spring</i>	173
<i>The Levelling Plane of the Grave</i>	174
<i>When the Speckled Trout Are Biting</i>	175
<i>The Bloom of Our Own Apple Tree</i>	181
<i>The Triumph of Hiram Perkins</i>	182
<i>The Full Summer Time</i>	199
<i>The Soothsay of the Wild</i>	200
<i>He that Hath Eyes, Let Him See</i>	201
<i>The Paradox of Life</i>	202
<i>The Patrons of Husbandry</i>	203
<i>The Brotherhood of Man</i>	204
<i>October</i>	205
<i>The Aviation of Cupid</i>	206
<i>November</i>	257
<i>Piscalosis</i>	259
<i>The Scythesman</i>	260
<i>Ol' Natur' 'll Even Up</i>	261
<i>The Skeptic</i>	262
<i>Castles in the Air</i>	263
<i>Jones' Big Pork</i>	264
<i>Buster in Maine</i>	269
<i>Hands Across the Wall</i>	274
<i>Thou Shalt Not Kill</i>	275

MAINE IN VERSE AND STORY

MAINE

Supreme, Majestic Charm land, of New Eng-
land's north,
In bounteous weight on thee, was Nature's hand
set forth,
A Master blending of the charms of Sea and
Land,
Where subjects bare their heads, to bow, and un-
derstand,
And which shall thy great crowning glory be?
That which liveth of the land or dwelleth by the
sea.

Dwelling by the Sea

Thy Sea girt glories in fantastic scroll are spread,
From Kittery Point, to Fundy's gate, and Quoddy
Head,
A mighty carve and sculpt of Time's eternal tides,
A sovereign sublimity of Sea charm here abides.

It freights the surf that laves the sweeping sands,
Of York, of Wells, and famed Old Orchard's
strands,
Who roams these midways, fraught of Ocean's
sooth,
Reads of its grains, God's vast, infinite truth.

The mystic spell of Casco's year of Isles,
Comes of the Spirits of its legend wiles,

That hover yet, o'er rites of bygone days,
When they as mortals roamed these Island ways.

A charm be-spells the lengthened Cape and Neck,
That weaves the mystiered delta of the Kenne-
bec,
The linger of a vanished race, a long stilled
tongue,
The lilt of Tribal incantations sung.

The Sculptor's hand grew bolder as it chiseled on,
And of the higher vestments sought to don,
Penobscot's Bay, cuts deeper of the shore,
A favored vantage hold of Indian lore,
Here, are hewn the lime rock canon deeps,
The ocean trails beneath the bouldered steepes,
Megunticook, and Beatty herald o'er the sheen,
Of sunrise to Islesboro and Castine,
The Bay is broad and through its channels charge,
The snow white steamer and the dark hulled
barge,
And where the waters wake abaft their parting
hulls,
Swift follow o'er the foam, the screaming gulls.

Far out, where blue of Sea, is lost in blue of sky,
Seal Rock, Matinicus, and fair Monhegan lie,
Fox, Deer, and Swans, these white home dotted
Isles,
Are sentineled by kelp strewn cragged piles,
The resting place of squaw, brant and teal,
The airing hold, and diving place of seal.

The mists arise and veil the sea at dawn,
Then lifts the sun, and bids the curtains drawn,
And, There, revealed, down in the shimmering
 glow,
The verdant sea bound land of Isle Au Haut.

Mount Desert, Ah, 'tis here the Lyric's pen must
 fail,

No mind can phrase, can pierce the mystic veil,
Of all thy haunts of sea and shore, that spell,
 inthrall,

Lifts here, the towering climax of it all,
Here, Neptune holds his Court, his Citadel of
 state,

And Nymphs and Sirens on the God await,
These ocean peaks, they are the temple domes,
Where sea Gods, meet the land Gods Elves and
 Gnomes,

The phantom folk, that spell these haunts of land
 and sea,

Compare, and conjure here anew their witchery.

The mighty cleft of rock, and string of bar and
 shale,

They are but pipe and reed of mammoth scale,
Shaped by time drove tides, and centuried beat of
 waves—

The hammer strokes of Neptune's building
 slaves—

To massive organs, which with choirs of land and
 Main,

Rend to the Gods, a grand symphonious strain.

The Porcupines, they are the anchored Island
fleet,

That constant guard the Capitol retreat,
While, porpoise, seal and dolphin are the scout-
ing spies,

That range the seas above, below, with search-
ing eyes.

That breath of fir, that blends with dulce and
sedge,

From tide bared periwinkled lift of ledge,
Is rare sweet incense, wafting to the council
halls—

And blest the mortal on whose sense it falls—

'Tis borne on film of mists that landward blow,
Cooled and savored of the Arctic flow,
A nectar, brewed, and fit for bowl of God or
King,

And pilgrims linger, to partake, and sing.

And so we might dream on of this enchanted
place,

And other lay of witchcraft to the Fairies trace,
But, mortal hath not mind to voice, acclaim, extol,
That mighty omnipresence that pervades it all.

The osprey, winging eastward still, above the
shore,

Sees bolder yet the heads and bays that mark the
score,

Sees Englishman's, Machias, Narraguagus lie,
His beat of wing is quickened, louder shrills his
cry.

At last, where Fundy posts her sentry, Grand
Manan,
He finds the castled end of Maine's broad ocean
span,
But not done yet are all her mystic sea girt ways,
To northward sweep and scroll Lubec, and Quod-
dy Bays,
Where cliffs are painted high, of giant tides of
cool,
Where pollock leap, the silver herring flash and
school,
Where paddled craft of Quoddy Chiefs once rode
the roll,
Who knew no stake marked border lines, and paid
no toll.
And there, the osprey wingeth yet to meet new
joy,
And greet the wild fresh river waters of St.
Croix,

That liveth of the land

In lavish magnitude her landscape charms are
found,
From 'Hampshire to the circled Province bound,
What e'er of Nature be the ardent subject's
choice,
Of that in measure full his heart may here re-
joice,
Here, a thousand green and granite shouldered
crests,
A thousand hallowed glades and sacred rests,

A thousand forest span on slope and plain,
A thousand forge of lake and river chain,
A thousand shouting brooks and laughing rills,
A thousand gorge cleft pools and chiming spills,
A thousand hoof marked silent jungle trails,
A thousand cedar tented barren swales,

Who knows of these, he hath not sought in vain,
Of Thee, and thy blest hold, Oh gloried Maine,

A thousand voices call from forest gates,
A thousand joys for him, therein awaits,
A thousand swells of breast, and fill of lung,
A thousand thanks on high to lisp from tongue,
A thousand chords to swell the carol's strain,
That rends, eternal, here to thee, oh gloried
Maine.

A fountain flows to Lyric's pen, or scribes,
The angler finds the chiefs of salmo's tribes,
The huntsman on the hoof beat trail and trace,
Finds monarchs of the glens to lead his chase,
The shriner hath his cup of joy o'er flown,
And blest is he to whom these cloists are known,
Who knows the woodland song, its arts and speech,
Hath knowledge that no lettered Sage can teach,

Here, Nature holds her Court and bids them
Come,
And none will to her call be deaf or dumb,
The color of her standard is the gloried green,
And everywhere her loyal hosts are seen,

In plume of fern, in drape of shrub and trees,
From pines on high waved ever to the breeze,
Her altars stand in every grandeured mont,
Her baptistries in every lake's pure font,
Who takes of spring, wild fruits of bush or vine,
So takes communion as of bread and wine,

What wond'rous stories can thy Shire named
 rivers tell,
Whose fountains in the hidden wildernesses dwell,
Whose pine fringed tributaries in each valley
 flow,
From out the deepest haunts and all their secrets
 know.

The alien Saco comes from 'Hampshire's snowy
 peaks,
Presumpscot of Sebago, and the Songo speaks,
The Androscoggin's mighty circled drain flows
 out,
Umbagog, Rangeleys, Parmacheenee's realms of
 trout.
The Kennebec, its rushing gorge bound floods be-
 gin,
Where Mooshhead's sluice ways spill, or bar the
 waters in.

Penobscot, Oh Penobscot, what can thy waters
 tell?
Of forest, lake and stream, of mountain gorge
 and dell,
In that great splendored Shire, thy legioned feed-
 ers kiss,

Where richest bounties fell, in charmed Piscal-
taquis,
Where, stands Katahdin, with its arms eternal
spread,
In lay of benediction on the faithful's head,
There, reigns Mooshead, the Queen of all thy
water ways,
Where domes of Kineo, of Squaw and Spencers
gaze,
There, surf of Churchill, Chamberlain, Chesun-
cook lash,
There, lies 'Congó-moc, 'Bamticook and Alla-
gash,
There, gleams Sebec, Sebooïs, Schoodic, Caribou,
There, sparkles Nahmakanta, Pamadumcook,
Umbazoo,'
Bright scintillating gems, seen from Katahdin's
crest,
Of pearl and silver, linked and hung on Nature's
breast.

There, roams the lordly moose, the giant forest
King,
While choristers of Abol, and Ripogenus sing,
There, stately deer drink of the inlets crystal cool,
The beaver swims, the otter has his sliding pool,
There, moonlight mirrors bruin's face and drip-
ping jaws,
Or prowling lynx, who dips within, his stealthy
paws.

Aroostook, of the gardened Shire whose name it
bears,

And with St. John, and Allagash its glory shares,
Their tributaries legion in the timbered span,
In jungle deeps but seldom seen or trod of man,
A wildered vastness wherein might an Empire
 dwell,

A virgin mold yet to unfold, of yet to tell.
The Union takes the exiled angler in his dreams,
To rocks of Hancock, and the trout enchanted
 streams,

Where hills seem grander, and the lakes of deeper
 blue,

And haunts seem dearer to the hearts that love
 them true,

The 'Guagus, Mopang, Grand Lake's tumbling
 steep,

Of Washington's wild marvels tell, where salmon
 leap.

And, so we might sing on, Thy charms eternal
 ring,

But time shall not endure, Oh Maine, of all to
 sing,

But what is told of one, is told of all the rest,
Though true, each subject has the haunt he loves
 the best,

Some favored water, or some hallowed cloist of
 pine,

He calls his own, there comes the most, and sets
 his shrine.

But, where thy subjects wander, distant lands
 away,

In loyalty their hearts will beat, their memories
 stray,
To thy enchanted wilds, of shore and forest plain,
And ever yearn, 'til they return, oh gloried
 Maine.

THE REFORMATION OF STEPHEN GILKINS

A STRANGE contrast indeed was that between the homestead of Stephen Gilkins, and those of his neighbors, in the pretty little farming community in Eastern Maine. While their places showed at every hand evidence of enterprise, thrift and prosperity, Stephen's presented a sad picture that was quite the reverse. His numerous buildings were sagged and dilapidated, and utterly devoid of any last trace of paint.

His house was the saddest, blinds were either off or hanging by one hinge. Clapboards and shingles were missing in many places. Windows were minus many panes of glass, in lieu of which were stuffed old hats, and wads of discarded clothing. On his barn the doors were propped up with scantlings, and the boards were off on the sides. Some of the outbuildings had tumbled down altogether. About the yards and here and there in odd places, were the rusted and decaying wrecks of once valuable farm machinery, vehicles and tools. Around the fields fences and stone walls were flat, and their lines marked by rank shrubs and golden rod.

In the fields themselves certain saplings had become seeded in, and the mowing had "run out." Only a small patch of land near the house showed any sign of recent attempt at cultivation. A lanky cow, a runty hog and a few mongrel hens wandering aimlessly about, was the sum total of his remaining live stock. A few years before when Stephen's father was at the helm, this was one of the show places of the town, in its appearance and equipment. It lay in the same fertile belt with the neighbors. The same rains came, fell and watered it, the same sun warmed it, and infused into its soil its plant life giving electricity. Stephen himself was as able bodied, and as well skilled in farming as any of his fellows, had been considered a model young farmer. Liquor or tobacco he knew not the taste of. He was of home tastes, steady and simple in his ways. He had got a good common school education, had been an easy scholar. But beyond going a few times to the county fair, one trip to the county seat as witness in a trial, was the extent of his travel. But he had always been a great lover of hunting and fishing. In his father's time he had been kept within bounds, only going on these excursions on rainy or holidays. But, after his father's death, and he had become his own master,

he went more and more, until he lapsed into an abandonment of everything else, and spent his whole time on the streams and on the ridges in the gratification of his love for these sports, and no one seemed to be able to reason him out of it.

He had married an honest, hard working girl whose own home had been broken early in her childhood, she had since gained a livelihood among the good people of the community, some of the time at Stephen's home.

She had married him a few months before the death of his mother who died shortly after his father. She believed she was gaining a good home, and she loved Stephen with a true wife's devotion. He neglected her and their two children in his hunting and fishing mania, but she made no complaint, put no blame on him. He was always kind enough to them in manner. She worked like a slave trying to keep the farm and body and soul together, and the neighbors helped her. She always believed, and firmly asserted that Stephen would see the error of his ways and come around all right. Stephen's case was a source of much real sorrow and regret among the neighbors, for they liked him and his wife. Besides, his place in its ramshackle condition was a sad blot on the fair face of the town. Stephen's three

nearest neighbors were Bert and Charlie Hilton, brothers, and Harry Moulton, three young farmers of his own age, each married and settled on farms no better than his, but unlike him they worked and kept theirs up. These young men kept well read on the doings of the world; had seen a bit of it. They were prominent in the town affairs, active in social functions, and quite proficient in amateur theatricals, and various entertainments. Stephen on the other hand not having read or travelled much, his knowledge of the ways of the world was quite limited.

They had been boys with Stephen. They were much distressed at his destructive course, and they had tried hard to turn him from it, to no purpose.

Stephen's favorite fishing stream lay over in a pretty forest valley some three miles from his home. He reached it by an old "Tote" road that wound through the forest. About a mile in the road passed through a deep glen in the hills. It was narrow with high black cliffs on either side. It was densely wooded with cedar trees, except a small clearing where stood an old "hovel"—a rough log camp used for stabling horses during former lumber operations. The glen was a dark lonesome place, the hovel long deserted was dark,

dank and musty within, as a tomb.

Stephen feared neither man nor beast in the open, but he had a hearty dislike for deserted buildings wherever they might be. He had a special dislike for this place, and never lingered there. He would have gone a mile around it if he could have done so and reach his stream. One cloudy morning in early May, Stephen was wending his way through the glen, stepping sprightly, his creel suspended from his shoulders, and jauntily swinging his rod in his hand. Home, wife, children, all forgotten in the fresh riot of green in the spring woods. The frogs were peeping, partridges drumming, busy birds flitting here and there nest building, and filling the woods with song, all of which sounded sweet to his ears, and he could almost then feel the thrill of the rod when the plump speckled beauties would be tugging at his line.

He was about to step out into the clear space of the hovel, when he was startled by a rustle in the cedars and he was terrified to see two enormous black bears standing upright, and walking on their hind legs, appear, one on each side of him. They hemmed him in completely before he could move a step. He was terribly frightened, and too weak to even cry out when each of the

great beasts laid a paw on his shoulders.

He believed his last moment had come, and that he was soon to be torn to pieces by the huge animals. He was utterly helpless, completely in their power, he had no weapon but a jackknife, broken bladed at that. But what was his greater terror and astonishment when he saw that they were walking him along between them toward the hovel. Quaking and stumbling they marched him straight up to the hovel door, pushed it open, and roughly hustled him into the dark interior. A few feet further he felt himself thrust in a seat in some kind of a pen like enclosure. He sat there paralyzed with fear, peering about him in the gloom, gradually he began to see, and a strange and fearful sight met his gaze. The place resembled a court room, in the Judge's seat at the rear sat a monstrous black bear, before him where the clerk should be, sat a huge lynx. Stephen himself was in a prisoner's box, and on each side of him stood one of the bears that had brought him in. Looking over a low barrier of small cedar trees he saw the massive head of a moose staring at him with fierce black eyes, beside the moose he saw glowering at him the heads of deer, bob cats, foxes, raccoons, hedgehogs and other smaller inhabitants of the forest, a whole

jury of them, all staring at him with glaring, accusing eyes, and all silent as the tomb, not a sound had come from one of them. It was a terrible sight. What did it all mean? When and where had these animals become endowed with such power? It was awful. Then he was tenfold more frightened than ever, when a great bellowing gruff voice rang out in the hollow cavernous interior.

"Officer, whom have you here?"

"Stephen Gilkins, your Honor," growled the answer.

"What is the charge against him?" roared the Judge.

"Slaughter and persecution of the peaceful inhabitants of the woods and the waters," was the answer.

"Ugh, grave charges those. Who is there here to testify as to the truth of them?"

One of the bears stepped out on the floor.

"Your Honor," he began, "I can testify that he caught my own father in a terrible trap, with long steel teeth that pierced clear through his leg. His sufferings and those of my mother who tried to help him, were awful. He dragged the trap which was fastened to a small log, all night, until this man came and shot him in the morning. Besides this, I know that he is in the woods all of

the time, killing, killing, always killing, either animals, birds or fishes. He—

Here a wild commotion broke out among the animals assembled. The moose thrashed his great horns, and snorted fiercely. The deer stamped their feet, and blew out the peculiar sharp whistles of their kind. The bob cats snarled savagely, and all of the animals voiced their indignation in their own way, and shifted about uneasily in their places. Stephen scared to a jelly, gasped and quaked in his pen. The Judge was staring at him, stern and grave, the lynx was driving his pen rapidly over sheets of birch bark paper. Every one of the bears' terrible words of accusation had pounded like a sledge hammer in Stephen's ears, and it was the truth. But, what could it mean? How could all this be possible. It was a dream, a terrible nightmare, it must be. But, no, there sat the Judge, there was all of the rest of them. It was true enough, it was awful.

"Order," roared the Judge. "Go on with the testimony," he continued, when order had been restored.

"Your Honor," resumed the bear. "This man is in the woods when he ought to be at work on his farm. His farm has run out. It is in a disgraceful condition. His buildings and all of his

machinery and tools are ruined. His wife and children are destitute, actually in need of food and clothing, and the neighbors are caring for them, or they would have starved—

"But is he sick? Is he unable to work?" broke in the Judge.

"No, your Honor, he is not sick. He is as able to work as any man in his town, but all he does is to fish, and hunt and—

"Enough," roared the Judge. "Is there any others who can testify?"

"Your Honor," thundered the moose, "He has killed several of my kind, and wounded many more. In the fall of the year he hunts all the time; he follows our trails for days at—

"That 'll do," said the Judge. "Deer, what do you say?"

"I say the same your Honor, it is true, all true; he has killed dozens of us; our lives are in terror because of him and his terrible gun; those of us that he does not kill he wounds, and they die a lingering death of agony"—

Here another wild demonstration broke out. Stephen thought they would break their bounds and rend him limb from limb. The Judge roared and the other bears clamored loudly for order. It was several minutes before it was restored.

Quaking, shaking, gasping he sat there in the fearful ordeal, trying to wonder how it would ever end.

"Lynx," continued the Judge, "What have you to say?"

"Your Honor," he replied, "These charges are all true; the half is not told; but none of us have ever feared him. He knows better than to interfere with us. We would comb his hair and dust his clothes in a style he would not relish. He has often set traps for us, but, pooh, we know better than to get into them, but I see him every day in the woods killing either fish or something else. He—

"That is enough," hammered the Court. "This is monstrous, infamous, unbelievable. Why wasn't I advised of this before? Now, is there anyone here to say anything in behalf of this man? Someone who can say anything good of him, among all these citizens of the woods?"

All was silent as the catacombs. Not one voice responded to this call.

It was an awful situation, a scathing denunciation. Poor Stephen cringing in his pen could hear his heart pounding like a mallet against his ribs.

"Stephen Gilkins," resumed the Court, in a solemn voice, "Stand up."

In vain Stephen tried to gather the use of his brain, nerve and muscle to obey this command, but it was not in his power. Then the two bears stepped up and raised him, holding him to his feet.

"Stephen Gilkins, these are grave charges, shameful charges, what have you to say to them? Are they true or are they false?"

Stephen sagged, reeled and swayed between his supporters, but for them he would have fallen in a pulp to the ground. He sputtered, gasped and desperately strove to force his voice to utter the plea his mind had framed. At last he found voice to wail out in agonized tones.

"O-oh, Mr. Bear— Oh Mr. Judge, your Honor—I don't know—I—O-o-oh. Yes. Yes. I have gone hunting and fishing. I have killed moose and deer—but I didn't know, ev—

"No," thundered the Judge, "You didn't know I suppose that we animals, the birds and the fishes have feelings; can suffer pain and torment; that we love our wives and our children— Yes, better than you seem to love yours, for we protect and take care of ours, we don't leave it for our neighbors to do, as these reputable witnesses have testified here that you do—

"But, I am not the only one," broke in Ste-

phen. "Other men go hun—

"Yes, that is true, they do, but do they spend their whole time at it? as you do. Do they let their homes go to ruin? Do they let their wives and children depend on other people for a living?—

"O-o-oh, No," wailed Stephen, "They don't, and if you'll only let me go this time, I'll promise—

"Well, what will you promise?" Why should we let you go? now that we have got you, and have been given this power. Why shouldn't we do as you do by us, kill and eat you? those of us that like and eat flesh."

There was a tremendous outbreak at this. Snorting, fierce grows, screeches and horrible caterwauling, and thunders of "Order," rang through the gloomy court room.

It was a terrible moment, to the prisoner, whimpering and grovelling under the thunder of these terrible accusations and arraignments, but, fearful as it was, he thought he saw a possible ray of hope in the Judge's question. That this great savage beast might perhaps be more merciful to him than he had been to his kind. The two bears at his side had released their hold for a moment, as in his earnest plea he had partially

regained his strength. Now he fell to his knees, purposely, and poured forth his repentant agony, full acknowledgment and realization of his guilt and wrong doing, supplication for forgiveness and a chance to show that he would do better.

For an age it seemed to him, there was silence in the dungeon, a silence that seemed to penetrate to the bone. Then the great bruin Judge rose to his feet.

"Well, Stephen Gilkins," he began, "I am going to try you, I am going to take you at your word and this time let you go, but, first I have some questions to ask, some advice to give. Do you promise this Court that you will at once go to work on your farm, plant your crops, rebuild your fences and your buildings, gather up and burn the ruins of your farm machinery and wagons and carriages, and try to get new ones, feed and clothe your wife and children, and keep at it until your farm, your buildings and your family look as well as anyone's in the place?"

"Yes, Yes," yelled Stephen, "O-o-h, I'll—

"Do you promise never to go into the woods again, fishing, hunting or for anything, except to cut wood, or logs, or something connected with your work and duties?"

"Yes, Yes, O-h-oh yes, I promise everything."

"Do you promise never to reveal to any living being, your arrest by us, or your trial in this court?"

"Yes, Yes."

"Very well," decided the Judge, "We will see. But look you here, remember, if you break one word of these promises we will know it. Every bird in the air, every animal in the woods will be watching you, and will report to me the first unfaithfulness. Now, I am going to send you home. Go, now, and get to work, at once. Probably the neighbors when they see you do it will turn to and help you, as they have been doing in your idleness. Officers, clear the way, and permit the prisoner to retire."

Pandemonium itself now broke loose. The animals seemed greatly dissatisfied with the Judge's leniency, and all of them but the two bears were voicing their displeasure at the tops of their lungs, and were striving to pounce down upon him. But the powerful bears held them back.

Stephen tried to stagger to his feet. He partially succeeded, and tottering and half crawling he stumbled toward the open door. How he got outside he never knew, but at last he found himself in the sweet open air, found himself intact in limb and body. He was at first too weak and

still too frightened—for fear that it yet might not be true, to move fast.

He did not stop to look for his rod or creel. Oh, how sweet the air and his freedom began to seem, it gave him strength, confidence. He began to go faster until he broke into a loping run, and then he never stopped until he had cleared the woods and was well in his own fields.

The moment he was well out of hearing a most remarkable change took place in the hovel, the mouldy old rafters rang with shouts of wildest laughter, as the Hilton boys and Harry Moulton got out of their sweltering bear skins to cool off, and give vent to their pent up feelings. How they had ever held in,—so ridiculous had it been, they did not know. But their little entertainment of ventriloquism, accompanied by the taxidermy exhibit had been a howling success so far.

The townspeople were very much surprised at the miraculous sudden change that took place in Stephen Gilkins. That is, all but his own wife. But she, just like a woman took it as a matter of course, saying that she always knew that Stephen would come out all right, sooner or later.

He began to plow and plant, clean up and repair, night and day he toiled like a beaver, faithfully keeping his trust to the bears, who now all

unconsciously to him, rendered him every assistance possible, it was astonishing how they did help him. Their means of his reformation might have been drastic, and brutally severe. But, they were amply justifying the end, working beyond their strongest hopes.

It was wonderful how soon Stephen's homestead began to assume its old time splendid appearance; how soon it compared favorably with the others, how happy and triumphant his wife looked.

There were other citizens of the region who must have marvelled more at Stephen's change; these were the real ones in the woods that were the innocent cause, and who got all the credit from Stephen. But how they ever became possessed of such power he never knew. It was as strange and mysterious, as far beyond him, as are many things that happen daily, probably just as simple of solution, to some of the supposedly wisest Savants in the land.

The deer grew plenty in the woods, and the trout multiplied and waxed fat in the streams, but Stephen troubled them not.

It was hard, perhaps harsh to deprive him of these pleasures. But if he could not enjoy them in reason, without loss to himself, and suffering

to others, was it not best?

Perhaps some day the bears will convey to him the message, that if he can again go fishing, and perhaps even hunting, in proper moderation he may do so, and he will not be by them molested. But, if this comes to pass, it is extremely doubtful if he will avail of the privilege.

WHEN THE RED SPECKED TROUT ARE RUNNING UP STREAM

In the sweet May sir,
The bees are humming,
On the old log bare,
The patridge drumming,
Oh bright days rare
That we longed for coming,
When the red specked trout
Are running up stream.

In the poplar trees
The hedgehog climbing,
There's a gentle breeze
In the new leaves rhyming,
To the silvery keys
Of the cascade's chiming,
When the red specked trout
Are running up stream.

O'er moss banks cool
The arbutus creeping,
On the fern fringed pool
The frogs are peeping,
As in bright hued school
The swift rips leaping,
The red specked trout
Are running up stream.

Through the winding trail
Are the echoes ringing,
From the wooded vale

Where the birds are singing,
In the branches frail
With the squirrels springing,
When the red specked trout
Are running up stream.

Oh, the halcyon days
Of the angler's dreaming,
When in smiles of praise
All Nature's beaming,
And he threads the ways
Of his fondest dreaming,
When the red specked trout
Are running up stream

THE COMING OF THE STAGE

How clearly we remember the old village days
The plain honest folks and the simple quiet ways.
Before progression's iron hand had dared the
mighty scheme
Of placing curb and rein upon lightning and
steam.
When the highway was the railroad and the
stages were the trains
The horses were the engines and the throttle was
the reins
And the greatest weekly feature alike to youth
and Sage
Was gathering at the tavern at the coming of the
stage.

Lumbering and jouncing with a multi squeaks
and groans
It lumbered down the valley over "Thank you
Marms" and stones,
The whiffletrees a jangling, and the clank of trace
and chain.
The bronzen visaged driver deftly plying whip
and rein
Above the steaming back of each begrimed and
straining steed,
Thus to cut a dashing figure and arrive with
greatest speed,
With that big old clumsy callaboose, the wonder
of the age

When we gathered at the tavern at the coming
of the stage.

With a grand and lofty flourishing he swung the
leaping four

Around a sweeping circle up before the tavern
door,

Then bent and drew the mail sack from under-
neath the seat

And cast it down in triumph at the village "Trad-
er's" feet,

The smiling tavern keeper standing by with ready
hand

To greet the wonderous travellers arrived from
distant land,

The motley crowd a gaping, and the barking of
old "Maj."

When we gathered at the tavern at the coming of
the stage.

First the village "Big man" He'd "Just been in
to town",

And his haughty buxom daughter in a "Stunning"
hat and gown,

A sprightly looking drummer with a most amaz-
ing grip

And a lone sailor laddie on a furlough from his
ship,

Then a "Fellar buyin' cattle" who had many times
been there,

Last a solemn visaged stranger with a mystify-
ing air,

All went in before the register to sign upon its
page
When we gathered at the tavern at the coming of
the stage.

Since then we may have traversed many places
far away
Walked the streets of greatest cities in the busy
whirl and sway
We have stood within the terminals of the endless
lines of steel
Seen the thundering arrivals of the palaces
awheel,
But all these modern marvels have not seemed to
us as great
As that witnessed in the village of the dear old
native state,
Away back in the living of our childhood's happy
age
When we gathered at the tavern at the coming
of the stage.

AN IDYL OF THE HAY FIELD

I walked by the rolling meadow
When the scent of new mown hay,
Came fraught with recollections
Of a bygone happy day,
And while I sat reflecting
Where the pine spread o'er the stream,
The spell that fell upon me
Lulled me slyly into dream.

I saw a dear old homesetad
On an old New England hill,
I saw the trout brook winding
In the valley, and the mill,
I saw the hardwood ridges
Where the squirrels used to throng,
And the merry hosts of bird folk
Filled the sacred shades with song.

I saw a kind old father
With the home love in his eye,
Where the dewy meadows bending
When the June days meet July,
With a step then firm and steady
And an arm full strong and lithe,
Lead the sturdy line of mowers
At the swinging of the scythe.

Ah, But best, a blessed Mother,
With the Angel in her face,

As she brought the welcome "baiting"
As the "tumbles" grew apace,
To swell the yawning hayrack
Drawn by oxen staid and kind,
As Father "pitched" The laddie "trod"
And Mother "raked behind".

But, those sweet days have vanished,
Now dwell only in our dreams,
And I thank the breath of clover
And the purling of the streams,
That can lure me into visions
Where I live those hours again,
Though the waking brings a longing
Where the heart must echo pain.

THE BRONZEN CLOCK

It crouches on the mantel there
A gnarled old bronzen clock,
With visage grim it seems to stare,
With gloating accents mock,
A lean black finger points the nicks
It tallies 'round the ring,
And in my ear the subtle ticks
In taunting measures sing.

"I Tick it, Tick it, Tick it, Tick,
Scoring night and day,
I Tick it, Tick it, Tick it, Tick,
Your measured time away.

At midnight hour, At dawning's break
The sordid tyrant elf,
No moments miss am I awake
To mock me from the shelf,
A single beat it seems to hold
As precious as an hour,
As in each greedy note I'm told
I'm helpless in its power.

"I Tick it, Tick it, Tick it, Tick,
Ceaseless night and day,
I Tick it, Tick it, Tick it, Tick,
Your numbered hours away.

THE SPRING TIME WELCOME OF THE WOOD

I've trailed again the sacred hills
That winter in my dreams,
I've heard the greeting of the rills,
The welcome of the streams,
And other friends of field and wood
Familiar hail have sung,
To one who long has understood
Each woodland sigh and tongue.

Where rose a wall of budding hedge
A sparrow swelled his throat,
Aslant a fir trunk on the ledge
A squirrel barked his note,
Where sun ray warmed the sloping glade
And pierced the piney bower,
There peeped from 'neath the mossy shade
The sweet arbutus flower.

Each lichened rock and landscape turn
A fresh new joy instilled,
Each leafing shrub and plume of fern
Its own warm welcome thrilled,
To Nature's Sons these spells are good
And fruitful to the soul,
The springtime welcome of the wood,
The faithful shriner's goal.

THE HARNSOM PUNKIN BLOW

Them rhymin' cracks hav' had their whacks

At nigh 'bout all the posies,

The vi'lets blue, the daisies too

The lilies an' the roses,

I'm free to j'in' they're mighty fine

But, Why, I'd like to know,

Ha'n't some slick sharp tuned up his harp

To the harnsom punkin blow?

It's true to tell, 't'a'n't got much smell

Nor a hifalutin name,

But, you'll jus' see a bumblebee

Inside it jus' the same,

An' mark my words, them kind o' birds—

Tho' p'raps it may seem funny—

Don't poke their nose inside o' blows

That a'n't as sweet as honey.

Now, I've no trick o' rhymin slick

Or paintin' things up rosy,

But, jus' the same I lay some claim

To know a harnsom posy,

An' 'mongst the corn at 'arly morn,

You'll hav' some ways to go

To beat by far the flamin' star

Of the harnsom punkin' blow.

THE KING OF THE ALLAGASH

ON the central panel of a great railroad office in a large city, is the massive head and antlers of a moose. On a silver plate beneath it are these words:

THE KING OF THE ALLAGASH.

JUDSON BILLHORN.

Standing beneath it recently, and gazing soberly up at the great head was a bronzen faced veteran whose adult fifty years of life had been spent in the great wilderness from whence this magnificent trophy had come. As the guide stood there spellbound before it, the fierce black eyes seemed to become imbued with the old time war fire of life, and to look down on him challenging, commanding, "You, you know the truth, and must vindicate me."

Only the old guide and Judson knew the secret of the old King's fall. Jim Capino had all these years religiously kept his faith. But, Judson Billhorn was dead now, and he was no longer bound. And so, standing there, hat off, before the grand old forest Chieftain, he answered, "Yes, and I will tell the story."

One of the most famous sporting camps of the Maine wilderness was the Allagash Camps on Long Lake. Go look on the map of Maine, and where the rivers look like a wild riot of scratches, and the lakes like spatters of ink on a Post Office blotter, and you will see where one scratch widens out like a heavy black scrawl, this is Long lake, running into this is another winding scratch which is the Chemquassabamticook stream. It was on the lake, near the mouth of this stream that the camps were beautifully situated.

For many years this place was the Mecca of many wealthy sportsmen from the larger cities, here they found the most for their money, and in gratification of their search for royal sport, the best that the great wilderness afforded. But, for a number of years there had been an unusual attraction there, a thrilling source of rivalry. It was the one great aim, and chief ambition of those who went there, to bring down, and bear out the head of the "King of the Allagash." A giant bull moose, who had for several years dominated that region in a reign of triumph and terror. Nothing like him has ever been known in the woods. Over a wide section of this region this mammoth black ranger had established his standard and domain, and he had defended it against all comers,

on two legs or four. So despotic and fearful had been his prowess, and so far its fame spread, that the great city dailies devoted scare heads and many columns on their first pages to thrilling tales of wild encounter with this terrible stag, rivalling the most vivid adventures of the Indian jungle, and the most intensely exciting stories told around the camp fires at night were those of meetings with him and consequent fortunate escape with life and limb. There are bleached bones now lying in the forest, and many a scar and crippled limb on living beings that are stern mementoes of his terrible charge.

Description of him reads like fable, but of a truth he stood fully ten feet high from the tips of his antlers to the ground, his weight was estimated at fifteen hundred to eighteen hundred pounds. His antlers, their blades as broad as coal shovels, had a spread of seventy inches, and this with his massive elevated bulk of forebody, the monstrous head with its ungainly bulk of nose and deep thick bell, his great black fire flashing eyes with the fierce crescent of white at their sides, made him an appalling spectacle to contemplate at close range, and he was a huge living seething engine of venom and destruction stalking the ridge and barren unstayed. The moment he

sensed the presence of whatever invader, just that moment he became the hunter, and he ceased not until he had driven the hated foe from his domain. He seemed utterly impervious to rifle fire, putting to rout whole parties of hunters organized against him, coming out unscathed from fusilades of lead and steel, while the hunters were lucky to escape with life in their bodies. This it was that had won for him his title, "The King of the Allagash," Thus he had come to be regarded in a sense of pride as the unconquered champion of the region, who had met and bested all comers. He had brought great fame and prestige to the region. His head was regarded as the most gloried trophy on the North American Continent. Something highly sensational was looked for in its fall, and the lucky captor would be crowned in a blaze of glory.

Among those who went down to the Allagash Camps every year was Judson Bilhorn, the son of a great railroad magnate. Judson was one of those disappointment exceptions that often occur in the sons of exceptionally forcive and successful fathers. He was bright enough, and educated to the limit, but had displayed none of the traits that so characterized his father, and had made him almost a world power of himself. Judson could

not see the necessity of holding his nose to the grindstone of business strife, when his father had more money than a hundred such families could reasonably spend. He was of simple quiet taste, an "Odd stick." He preferred his own society and his own ideas of life, and so long as he was of exemplary habits, broke no conventionalities and harmed no one, his father let him pursue his own bent, being as that bent was a harmless one. Fishing was his chief delight, he loved the woods and Nature, and seemed contented to dwell there. His position at the camps was a queer one, in the main he rather held aloof from the rest. Jim Capino, one of the best guides—whom he retained for his special use, was really his only close confidant and companion, and much of the time he took short journeys into the woods without him. Judson prided himself on his ability to sing bass, and certain it was that he could utter guttural notes of astonishing profundity, these when in harmonious unison with other strains might not be so bad, but, rendered solo, extempore, as was his persistent habit, it was quite a different matter, and it subjected him to much banter and made him the joke and butt of the camps, all of which he took in the best of good nature.

He always took with him into the woods the

best of hunting outfits, but he seldom used them, but he supplied the camp tables with fine trout and salmon. It was claimed that he would not know a moose from a hedgehog in the woods, and that as a marksman, he could not have hit a flock of barn doors, with a shot gun, at eight rods. He always brought out his full allowance of game, but, Jim Capino could have told better where it came from. It was asserted that his principal object in going down into the woods was to hear himself sing bass. He didn't do much of it around the camps for obvious reasons, but away by himself on the surface of some placid stream, or lake, he could yodel out the deep notes for hours without fear of jibe and missile, as there would be no auditors but the bears and bob cats, who didn't mind, at that time of the year, when their powers of mobility were in the best working order.

It was one mild October night that Billhorn awoke about midnight. The full hunters' moon was flooding the camp interior with light. He could not get to sleep again. Something—possibly some note in the snores of the sleepers created within him a strong desire to sing.

He knew better than to attempt such a thing around there at that hour, so he arose and dressed and stole out of the camp. He embarked with

his rifle in a canoe and paddled softly along the shore and turned up the winding course of the 'Bamticook, lulled by the soft effulgence of the moonlight, and the charm and enchantment of the forest night drill, he passed some two miles or more in silence. At last he came to a spot that particularly impressed him, and he grounded the bow of his canoe on the shore and rested drinking in the wonderful scene. On one side the heavily wooded ridge sloped down to within a few rods of the stream, a short space of rush and swale intervening. On the other hand a bog barren extended back an eighth of a mile to a dense cedar forest. Near the river bank on the barren side a huge lone boulder—stranded there in the dim past—loomed up like the grey bulk of some mighty prehistoric elephant. Close beside it grew a stout scrub cedar. Far up and down the stream the sharply defined outlines of the ridge peaks, silhouetted against the mellow sky, and down there in that enchanted sylvan amphitheatre, all was peaceful and still.

Billhorn's craft rested in the drying reeds near the boulder. A moment after the first spell began to die away, he began to roll out on the night air, a dolorous solo, strong, deep and melifluous.

Back from the sleepy hills it beat in the echoes,

a weird dismal cadence, but sweet and captivating to the ears of its author. In blissful ecstasy he continued to warble and listen, drinking in whole soulfouls of the rich basso symphony. When, suddenly from somewhere in the far distance up the ridge, a response came floating down that Billhorn knew at once never originated in his vocal organs. It was a hoarse gruff boom, the nearest thing he could liken it to, was the soul lost wail of the whistling buoy, in a fog off Grand Manan. He did not know what it was, and it was certain he did not want to. It did not defer him from singing, but the response began to grow louder, nearer, fiercer, defiant and competitive, and added to the deep jerky "Ugh, Ugh—Ugh," he began to distinguish also the thud of heavy footfalls, and a great thrashing of boughs. Intently erect, and quite uncertain of purpose he sat waiting now, peering up into the black maze of the ridge side from whence the mysterious sounds came, his rifle firmly grasped in his hand. He was thankful that the river intervened between him and whatever it was that had opened a rivalry to his melody. Just inside the fringe of the forest the thing halted, "Whooooof!" A mighty blast like a steam exhaust blew out, then, silence. Billhorn's heart was jumping around inside of him like a rat in a

coal sifter. He glanced quickly about him. There was the open path of the stream, up or down, but that did not appeal to him. His glance rested the strongest on the boulder and the friendly cedar, the best resort that seemed to present itself. It was clearly up to him to make the next move, and he made it, but just what prompted him to do what he did, thoroughly frightened as he was, would be hard to explain, but he began to do the very thing that had brought the predicament upon him. Sing, starting on upper Do in the bass cleft, and then, Si, La, Sol, Fa and so on down, down—Crack! Crash, and out through the bristling hedge of dry kyle the shore wash of many freshets, came a giant towering black form with a head and antlers like a hay rack. With thunderous strides it plowed through the rustling dead flag and swale. Straight to the river bank it came, and halted not fifty feet distant. There it stood, the fierce eyes flashing fire, and great clouds of white vapor blowing from its nostrils.

Billhorn crouching in his canoe stared at it in terror. Contemptuously the bull looked across at him. What was that diminutive thing over there in the water? What was it doing there? Where was the rival bull, the worthy foe he hoped and expected to meet? Billhorn knew well enough

now what it was, and who it was. Then came before him in a flash the banter and derision he had suffered all these years, from the fellows in the camp. He realized that he then was sitting, rifle in hand, within a dead sure shot of the most coveted trophy in the Maine woods. Here was his Heaven sent opportunity to turn the tables, to humiliate them to the dust, to salve the gall of years, in one pull of the trigger. A ripping detonation rang out. Like a volley of infantry the echoes fusiladed back, as hill spoke to hill in the clarified night air. There was a choking fume of powder in the midst that hung over the river, and through it Billhorn saw still standing there, the huge bulk of the bull. But only for a moment, for with a mighty roar he lunged over the bank into the river straight for the canoe, the water flying in spray before him as from the prow of a steamboat.

Billhorn flung his rifle to the winds, and rolled out of the canoe, struggling to his feet he dashed for the scrub cedar beside the boulder, scrambling to its topmost limbs he reached a cleft of the rock and drew himself up just as the bush was swept from beneath him like a reed by the great antler blades of the infuriated beast. But there on the apex of that grand old relic of the glacial period

he was safe, as much so as if he had been in a baloon.

In a cyclone of rage the baffled animal circled the rock. He roared, snorted and pawed by spells, ripping up the moss and soft muck in cart-loads, demoniac fury bristled from every hair of his body. Now, and again he towered up on his hind legs like a pile driver, and struck at the rock with his ponderous fore hoofs, uncomfortably near, and sending blasts of hot vapor into the face of the cringing form of Billhorn, clinging there like a treed cat on the crest of the boulder.

The great bull's continued failure to reach his foe increased his rage, for hours he roared and battled around and against the rock, seeming never to tire of it. The first grey streaks of dawn began to show in the east, the air was now crisp and chill, and a white frost blanketed the surface of the barren, but Billhorn was warm enough, his blood was racing through his free veins. He had passed a never to be forgotten night. He welcomed the coming dawn, believing that at daylight the King would retire, and he knew that his guide would start in search and relief would come that way. Suddenly he saw the great bull pause in his rampage and stand rigid, erect, staring toward the cedar forest, "OOONH, Ooonh," a new

slogan came beating out, in hoarse jerky grunts, showing that the utterer was running as he voiced his challenge and was hurrying toward the seat of the disturbance. Billhorn's bull roared back his answer, fierce and defiant. He started a few rods in the direction of the new foe, then he halted and looked back at the rock seeming to debate with himself which of the two he should give his attention to, and he decided to defend his position at the rock, roaring out his defi to come on. He stood now at his grandest height, his magnificent antlers thrown back, his huge bulk of nose curling and wrinkling, his heavy brush of mane, erect and ruffled forward, his deep bell swaying even with his mighty chest, the "King of the Allagash."

The war notes from the cedars grew louder, fiercer, nearer, then, out on the white barran in a striking contrast dashed another giant black stag, a new "Richmond" in the field. He was heading straight for the rock. So rapidly did he come that Billhorn's bull had only time to square himself for the attack, and here was a foe worthy of the old King's blade. He was fully as heavy, but lacked the King's mighty spread of horn. His was closer to the "spike horn" class, but very stout and thick in the main, and dangerously sharp

and lance like. The crash was like a head on collision of locomotives as horn met horn. So powerful was the rush that Billhorn's bull was bowled completely off his feet, his assailant somersaulting squarely over him. Both ungainly beasts lumbered to their feet and drove straight at each other, and then a terrific struggle followed, a battle such as no man has ever witnessed before. The hills thundered at each other with their mighty bellowing, the clashing of their antler blades rang out like an ancient army of battling with lance and armor. The bog shook and trembled under their pounding hoofs. So exciting was it that Billhorn forgot all fear of his situation, would not have changed it for a fortune. He stood up on the rock, taking side with the "King" and yelled "Bravos" at him like a Roman, to spur him on. As they rushed, rammed and gored, their eyes became reddened, and huge flecks of crimson froth flew from their mouths and nostrils. So far the contest had been equal, neither had gained an advantage. But, see, was the new comer the better general and strategist? Or was it chance? For gradually he had worked around until he had the advantage of the great solid rock behind him, and then, he could have stood off a freight train. Slowly, now, he recovered his wind,

while his opponent weakened. Then, he seemed to gather all his mighty bone and muscle in one terrible Herculean effort. One dynamic rush, and shade of Titan, the King held him. But, see, God of battles, see, the spike horn was now actually driving bog and all back in his tremendous charge. It was a terrible handicap, a fatal one. He drove the King back on his haunches, then over on his side, then drove into him again and again, unmercifully, roweling and goring him repeatedly, brutally, until from very lack of breath he was forced to momentarily back away.

Up from the steaming red slough, Billhorn's bull staggered to his feet. A fearful spectacle, emboweled, and great red clutches of flesh and shreds of hide hanging from his sides. But, not an instant did he waver. With his dark life blood pouring from his riddled sides he drove straight back at his foe. The rest is short, as the dying stag came on blindly, half sidewise, he stumbled and fell squarely onto the lowered antlers of his conqueror, who for a moment struggled in vain to extricate his horns. Then came the spectacular finish, a fitting wind up of a battle worthy of the Spartan war Gods, or the most exacting Roman arena. Up, up, the victor slowly began to raise the enormous bulk of the fallen Chieftain. Then,

with one mighty upward heave he hurled it squarely over his back against the rock, and it fell at its base, a quivering, mangled mass of flesh and bone. The victor waited for a moment. Then, seeming to utterly disdain the man on the rock, he turned and strode back to the cedar forest from whence he had come, the new King of the Allagash.

Billhorn slipped down from his prison, hat off he stood sorrowfully gazing at the dead champion, deep emotions stirring within him, fortunately the splendid head was but little injured, this he served with a heavy bladed knife he always carried, and later in the day he came back with his guide and the great body was reverently buried with the convenient clods of muck. And there his bones rest today. In the heart of his own great native Wilderness. In the realm he so valiently defended.

Marked by a monument, grander, more historic and enduring than any other shaft that rears today by the grave of any warrior.

Now, therefore, know ye all, who knew the great forest Chieftain in the full fire of his life and reign, that this is how he fell, not by the puny hands, or machinations of simple man, but by a battle royal waged in defense of his crown, and

with a foe every inch full worthy of his rank and his blade. Ye that have lamented and mourned at his supposed inglorious end, take solace.

It is always the fortune of war that one side must fall, of Champions, that they must some time meet defeat. Luck, Chance, Prowess, or a combination of the whole, call it what you will, went against him in the splendid fight, and he fell.

Billhorn's appearance at the camp landing at sunrise that morning with the great head of the King of the Allagash mounted as a figurehead on the bow of his canoe, was a sensation that will long live in the history of the Maine wilderness, particularly was it so to the Allagash camps. Keen disappointment, humiliation and great chagrin rankled deep, and hurt, while Billhorn's triumph and silent enjoyment was supreme. If he told them no truths, he also told them no lies. His faithful guide was the only one who knew the truth. While duty bound him he kept his faith. But now, he has told the truth.

*KATAHDIN

When Nature, great Creator
Had freed her mighty brain,
Of its marvellous conception
The wondrous state of Maine,
Her face illumed with pleasure
As she saw it was the best,
Of all her gloried handiwork,
It far excelled the rest.

And so, she raised a monument
Within that favored land,
A grand and lasting altar
That eternally should stand,
Where those to render homage
To the Great Creator's art,
Might find a shrine at which to bow
The nearest to her heart.

And thus in stately grandeur there
Lifts old Katahdin now,
With the touch and kiss of Heaven
Ever resting on its brow,
And from a thousand hill tops
To the north, south, east and west,
The eye of man may view today
Its snowy mantled crest.

Old Father time, who levels all
Long left it in despair,

*Maine's great mountain.

The lightning's stroke, the tempest blast
Have met their master there,
A thousand years ago it stood
A thousand from today,
'Twill stand and bid the elements
To pause before its sway.

The sun's first ray at dawning
Its latest beam at night,
Must shed on that eternal dome
Its world sustaining light,
When tempests rage, its sky born peak
O'er tops the highest cloud
Commands its light when all below
Is darkened in the shroud.

What grander shaft could she have reared?
To consecrate the ground
The greatest land of pleasure
That ever man has found,
Where boundless forest, lake and stream
To every zenith spread,
And every glade is furrowed
With the antlered monarch's tread.

*CONGARNEBEAKE

Reflecting deep the wooded steep,
Bald mountain's grizzled dome
Whose breath of balsam tones the tempered air,
Where herons wade the inlet glade
And wild duck love to roam,
The winding rifts of water sheltered there.

Where pastures wide and forest side
Slope down in richest green,
To craggy points where snowy birches sway,
Their nodding smiles to piney isles
Adrift upon the sheen,
Where rests the light canoe at heat of day.

When dawning breaks the angler wakes,
At bugle call of loon,
Then favored deeps his jaunty vessel plies,
While ripples turn and part astern,
Where glints the whirling spoon,
And speckled trout and silver salmon rise.

Oh happy soul whose craft can roll
On such a fairy sea,
'Mid dreamy isles in mountain shadowed bays,
Where Nature's art from every heart,
Makes pain and worry flee
A Haven blest in golden summer days.

*The Indian name for Phillips lake, Hancock county, Maine.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES

Oh the autumn splendored leaves,
Crazy quilt that Nature weaves,
Every little gust that's blowing,
Sets the tinted hosts a going,
Squall of painted giant snow,
O'er the open fields they're straying
'Round the hedges they are playing
In a wild prismatic glow.
Golden yellow, soft and mellow,
Ruby, scarlet, pink and brown,
The leaves are falling, falling down.

Oh the riot of the leaves,
How they rustle o'er the eaves,
On the window panes they patter,
On the walks they roll and scatter,
Into every nook they flee,
Madly whirling, gaily prancing,
The merry spangled horde is dancing,
Like a rainbow on a spree,
Golden yellow, soft and mellow,
Bronze and silver, cream and brown,
The leaves are falling, falling down,

THE PENOBSCOT

Far up in Maine's great pleasure land,
Where grand Katahdin's sentries stand,
A thousand vales lie mid the hills,
Where springs to life the feeding rills
That in the realm of rest and dreams
Found thy great flood Oh Prince of streams.

There pure and undefiled by men,
They flow and dash through gorge and glen
And o'er their foaming ribs and steep
The speckled trout and salmon leaps
And oft within the forest glade
Reflects some noble antler blade.

Then from the hills through drive and sluice
Thy waters bear the pine and spruce,
Then turns the wheel within the mill
That shapes them into sheath and sill,
Then start abroad on every tide
Deep laden ships the ocean wide.

Again, when winter's spell is strewn
In crystal cubes thy waves are hewn,
And thus thy soothing power betimes
Is born afar to southern climes
To lave some fevered throat or brain,
With thy cool charm of distant Maine.

So, in the busy world of strife
Thy torrent fills a wond'rous life,
Unceasing, flowing, day by day
A power no human hand can stay.
Thy mighty flood rolls full and free
Forever onward to the sea.

THE LOVED PINE CONE

How touching is the power
Of a homeland emblem flower.
Or a charm that decks the branches of its chosen
forest tree,
There's a charm that hangs before me,
With its happy memories o'er me,
It is rough, and sear and homely, but is very dear
to me.

It is fragrant of the mountains,
The jungle hidden fountains,
In the olden trails and places, on forest side and
plain,
Where the sunlit lakes are sheening,
Where my heart is ever leaning,
To the streams forever calling, in the intervalles of
Maine.

It is constant, and as lasting,
As the green the pines are casting,
On the old home hills eternal, and in winter days,
alone,
Is there wonder then we love it,
That we hold none else above it,
Where it hangs above the mantel there, the loved
pine cone.

FISHIN' THROUGH THE ICE

When the days are hangin' dully,
 Locked, the woodland an' the heath,
When the trout brook in the gully
 Slumbers, fretful, underneath,
When we're weary of the wishin'
 Comes a rift, that's mighty nice,
To take a spell an' go a fishin',
 Go a fishin', through the ice.

Glory, in the chisel's chinkle,
 As it bites, an' sinks an' sings,
Music, in the tuneful tinkle
 As the flyin' crystal rings,
Joy, as comes the water gushin'
 When we're bailin' out the chips,
Ardor, 'round the holes a rushin'
 Baitin' up, an' settin' "tips."

Hi, there goes a flag a swayin',
 Quick, we hustle, loud we shout,
Careful, now, the line we're playin',
 Snub, an' here he splashes out,
Shade of Isaac, what a whopper,
 "Five, at least, he'll tip the scales,
No, well don't you bet a copper,
 My ol' guesser never fails."

Oh, the day's too short o' lastin',
 In the welcome vent an' spell,

From the longin' an' the fastin',
An' the narrow ways to dwell,
When the snow is deep an' swishin'
Binds the country in its vise,
Ain't it fine to go a fishin'?
Go a fishin', through the ice.

THE WAKENING OF THE WILD

When comes the day the song bird stays,
And the bee wings far afield,
To seek the sweet of the bloom he meets,
And the clover's honeyed yield.

When the trees unfold, and the boughs will hold
Their joys of the bloom and leaves,
And the flag and reed across the mead,
Lift up in bladed sheaves.

When the star flower bright, comes forth to light
The haunts beneath the pine,
And the trillium blows by the path that knows
The trailed arbutus vine.

When by the brooks, in the mossy nooks,
Where the freshet filtered through,
In its modest grace, the violet's face
Looks up in chastened blue.

When the green shoots curl, and ferns unfurl
To the dewy tuft and plume,
Where the gullys shout of a dashing rout
That runs in the bouldered flume.

Oh, a gladness dawns, when nature yawns,
And she wakes her wildered eyes,
To shed her smile, that so beguiles
The gladdened earth and skies.

UNCLE SI'S RETALIATION

Say, when I see them pictur' papers
What them smarty Allicks say,
About the gormin' dress, an' capers
Of the "Reuben" an' the "Jay."
It jest does rile me into wishin'
I'd the knack to pictur' plain
Some o' your city chaps a fishin'
Down to my place here in Maine.

Now you can s'arch these tater diggins
From Quoddy head to Caribou,
An' if you can match their ways an' riggin's
Then I'll tell you what to do,
Jes rig me up in poke an' blinders
Let down the bars and kick me pas'
An' I'll turn out on my hands and hinders
Along o' my ol' mare to grass.

Fust, they'd bob tail'd coats o' yaller leather
An' the gormedest lookin' two peaked caps,
On their tops they tied together
In skewgee kit-a-cornered flaps,
But, say, their breeches, Holy Moses,
Them's what made the chickens sneeze,
For they was hitched to women's hoses
About an inch below their knees.

Then their fishpoles, limpsy j'inted jimcracks
Gewgawed up with shiny rings,

Lines wound up on whirlin' click clacks
Feathered hooks on fiddle strings,
Then they'd stuff to drive the skeeters
I wonder was they sceered of ants?
An' then they walked in kind o' teeters
As tho' they feared they'd split them pants.

An' that's the way they'd go a struttin'
Harnessed up in all that click,
Down the "tote road" through the "cuttin"
There's the best holes in the crick,
An' back at night they'd come complainin'
How 't was this an' that that flunked,
But, Say, 't was mighty poor explainin'
How they'd got most measly skunked.

Wal, the night before their goin'
I cut a decent alder pole,
Jus' slipped out to my fust mowin'
An' took the nearest fishin' hole,
Used just angleworms an' 'hoppers
On a common hook an' line
An ketched a string o' speckled whoppers
That made them Dum fool critters whine.

Now I s'pose they're home a lyin'
About the heaps o' trout they hooked,
An' all us country folks a guyin'
How we talk, an' act and looked,
But, Say, you writin' chaps so witty
I've got jus' this much to say,
You ain't got to leave your city
To find the fooldest kind o' jay.

THE RIVER'S LIFE

At dawn, afar on a pine clad hill,
There springs to life, a tiny rill,
In sheltered clefts it safely creeps,
Or in some rocky cradle sleeps,
While Mother earth sweet nurture brews,
To give it strength, in springs and dewes,
So pure, and sweet, its many charms,
Like a new born babe in its Mother's arms.

In the morning hours, a dashing brook,
Speeds gaily on through bend and nook,
Mid mossy banks, mid fern and flower,
In shady dell, 'neath leafy bower,
Now dashing down some dizzy steep,
Then, o'er some boulder make a leap,
And laugh and sing in silvery spray,
For all the world, a lad at play.

At Mid-day flows a sturdy stream,
The brooklet's play now seems a dream,
It now improves each shining hour
To turn the mighty wheels of power,
In every science, trade and art,
It takes a most important part,
To trace the wond'rous scrolls of time,
As manhood, in its richest prime.

At dusk, a river, grand and wide,
Where ships of state and commerce ride,

A noble flood with course well run,
A great life work now faithful done,
And now for the surging tides behind,
It leaves the way and seeks to find,
Rest, in the great eternal sea,
As old age, meets Eternity.

JUNE

A golden ray at dawn of day,
The dewy jewels glisten,
The robin throats his morning notes,
The world awakes to listen,
When sun rides high the mellowed sky
It draws a welcome shower,
And leaf and spear are leaping clear
To give the world a flower.

Rare tints of green the landscape sheen
A summer's glory growing,
Sweet the breeze from out the trees
The hedge in bloom is glowing,
With dip and swing the swallows wing
Across the meadows beating
The silvery chink of bobolink
Is pouring forth a greeting.

The winds abide at even tide
A mystic calm is falling
As deeps the shade within the glade
The whippoorwill is calling,
The moon's fair light rounds out the night
Morpheus's circle keeping,
To spell the hours when bird and flowers
In Nature's fold are sleeping.

THE FROST KING'S REIGN

Hard lies his hand, o'er all the land,
Deep fraught the pines are bending,
Strong forged the sheath, where dark beneath,
The fettered streams are wending.
The bound lakes moan, in fitful tone
Protesting "wrinkles" lifting,
While o'er the glow, the mist of snow
His blighting breath, is drifting.

So, 'til he feels the spell that steals,
As love, dead hearts to waken,
The waft of spring, on quickened wing,
And, Lo, his power is shaken,
Then, falls the chain, and free again
The hills and vales rejoicing ,
To greet the showers, that wake the flowers
And crown the happy voicing.

"THE SITUATION'S WORSE"*

"Oh, John! Oh John, look up, poor soul,
Hear what the papers say;
That fifty thousand tons of coal
Arrived in port today!
This lot must sure the famine stay,
So haste for half a ton,
And plenty more is on the way
When this supply is done."

With lightened heart, John quickly hied
To the dusky diamond yard,
But on the office door he spied
A huge forbidding card.
"No orders taken here," it read,
In words both crisp and terse.
"There's little hope," the dealer said,
"The situation's worse."

"Oh, Jane! Oh Jane, pray do not weep,
For here's a saving gleam;
There's sixty craft, with coal weighed deep,
Just anchored in the stream."

*Written during the great strike of the coal miners. It is the first article in verse that ever appeared in the *Boston Traveller*. This paper was at the time conducting a satirical campaign in criticism of the methods of the Boston relief committee, and the coal dealers. These verses on submittance were at first refused on the ground that the *Traveller* never printed verse, they appeared the following day in the centre of a prominent page, in double column.

The dearth is passed, the battle's won;
It's coal in plenty soon,
I'll order—yes I'll buy a ton
Before tomorrow noon."

With leaping heart, again John hied
To the slate and screenings yard,
But on the door again he spied
The same old dismal card.
He heard the dealer, wan and sad,
The same old tale rehearse,
"There's not a kernel to be had,
The situation's worse."

"Oh, John! Oh, John, hark while I read,
The great hand never fails,
Two hundred thousand tons now speed
From Scotland and from Wales;
It's just the same as if the mines
Were dumped right on our shore;
Bright sunlight on the gloom now shines,
Our shivering days near o'er."

John pressed his brow, his face grew white;
He sobbed and gasped for breath.
"Then Heaven help our city's plight;
We now must freeze to death.
The coal carts now must rest aside
For the ambulance and hearse,
Alack, alas and woe betide,
'The situation's worse.' "

THE BREATH OF DEATH

THIS remarkable chronicle came into my possession with certain other mementoes bequeathed to me by Mr. Belmont Sears.

For some good reason—probably a promise made—he has never made it public. I am probably the first who has ever read it. But, as Mr. Sears has now gone exploring over the great Divide, into the great mysterious Beyond, and as this record was sent to me with no note of restriction, I take it that he meant for me to treat it as it pleased me, and I now deem it best to set it forth, that the people within the affected zone may decide for themselves, whether it is a flight of fancy, or whether they do not owe Mr. Sears a monumental debt of gratitude for averting a cataclysm second only to the deluge of Bible history, according to the book of Genesis.

This much is certain, the “Yellow day” the phenomenon he refers to, is a matter of comparatively recent history, and will be vividly recalled by thousands now living within the regions affected.

Another certain thing is, that it has never been explained.

There were various theories set forth by scientists, but they were theories only, and were not given out as conclusive.

Of Mr. Belmont Sears himself I can say this, that I knew him closely for many years as a man of sterling veracity, of both word and purpose. He certainly believed what he has recorded or he never would have taken the pains to write it, for of all his years of travel in remote parts of the earth, this is the only scrap of writing that has ever been found giving any adventure of his, and he must have met with much intensely thrilling experience. So the fact that he did make record of this, coupled with that of the "Yellow day" as witnessed by myself, convinces me that he considered it of serious importance.

As for the "Breath of death," and the astounding, unbelievable power credited to it, it is no more extravagant or wonderful than that of Radium, and other such things that are known to be facts in the science of today.

Mr. Sears was of one of the best and oldest families, he had inherited ample wealth, he had gone the limit of college education, taking general studies, but had fitted himself for no particular calling.

It pleased him to spend the most of his time in

travel in the jungle, following the sun in its warmth and green. He was an ardent, devoted student of nature, and extremely fond of penetrating into her wildest and most intricate haunts, alone, enjoying and observing closely what he found there, as one would read a highly fascinating and instructive book. He had visited most foreign countries as the seasons came, and had explored the most of his own, the United States.

But, after all, the wilds of the state of Maine seemed to please him the most, and during his later years he spent the open seasons of each year hiking, camping and canoe cruising through that vast wilderness tangle of mountain, forest lake and stream.

In such as society ever saw of him, he was the perfect, polished gentleman, a brilliant conversationalist, and an attractive personality.

One outstriking trait in his character was his marked humanéness. He was extremely considerate that no pain nor harm should come to any living thing, and in all his wandering in the wilds he never molested any of its life, except such as he would actually need for food, and such as he took for that purpose he put out of life and feeling as quickly as possible.

Such was Mr. Belmont Sears, the man, and the

writer of this strange chronicle. I give it exactly as he wrote it, in his own words. For such consideration as it may meet, and for whomsoever it may interest.

“To whom it may concern.”

“To the surviving people of the New England States, the lower portion of the Maritime Provinces, the Eastern line of New York and New Jersey, who experienced the so called ‘Yellow day’ of September sixth, 1881, and marvelled at its strange weird condition, as to what they really were, and who are still without that knowledge, I am setting forth here my remarkable adventures in learning what I believe is the true solution. I believe that I, alone of all the world know, and that I was destined to prevent a repetition of it at a time when the effect would have been most terribly different. So terrible, monstrous and unthinkable that I shall refrain from any attempt to portray it. I will give a faithful account of what I experienced, and let the readers think and feel for themselves, in whatever way, or in whatever measure they may be pleased to accept it.

But, for the benefit of readers who did not live at the time, or dwelt in other lands, and consequently did not observe the “Yellow day,” I will give a brief detail of what took place in that re-

markable phenomenon.

The sixth day of September, 1881, was noted in the territory above mentioned for one of the most remarkable atmospheric phenomenons ever observed or recorded. The day broke with clear skies and a clear rising sun.

The temperature was above normal for the season, the thermometer averaging 70 at eight o'clock in the morning. It had been warm for several days. About mid forenoon people began to notice a strange appearance of the skies, a yellowish mist or haze seemed to be moving slowly over it, growing more and more dense and pronounced until a lurid curtain of yellow green bronze hung over the earth. The effect on things of earth were startling, grass, leaves and all things green took on a vivid paler green, ghastly in its appearance, fire and all ordinarily yellow light assumed the whiteness and brilliancy of the modern electric arc light, stokers of locomotives on passing trains looked like imps of the infernal regions, water looked like molten silver, the faces of human beings were of a sickly sallow pallor, nothing looked natural. By noon a weird awesome semi-darkness had settled over the earth, lights were turned on indoors and on the streets, schools, factories and business places closed for the day and people went

to their homes to await whatever might be coming. Timid and superstitious people were greatly alarmed. Many were made quite sick by the peculiar feeling of oppression in the air. Some believed the end of the world to be at hand, and sought their churches, animals were affected in their way, thinking it was night, fowls went to roost. In the hearts of the stoutest men there was a feeling of unrest, because of a lack of understanding of the conditions. The barometer showed absolute fair weather reading. There was not the slightest disturbance of telegraph or magnetic instruments. It was eight o'clock in the evening before the haze cleared away and the moon and stars came out, the Heavens resuming a natural appearance. What was it? What did it all mean? And what did it presage or portend? That was the one great question that was much debated and in the minds of all, and they waited with expectant suspense for the answer that did not come; that never came. Learned men, college professors, geologists, astronomers, each voiced their theories, but not one of them ever has brought forth a conclusive solution. The phenomenon stood in chronology as a great, mysterious unsolved happening, and it was let go at that, and after the traditional nine days wonder, slowly

lapsed into the great forgotten.

I was in Boston on that day outfitting for a cruise through the lakes and streams of the Katahdin region of Maine. The phenomenon affected me as a student of Nature who found here a page not a word of which I could understand. I could not reason out any logical solution that could be reconciled to Nature in it, and like the rest I was obliged to lock it up in my memory's curio closet, until the day might come, when the mystery would be solved.

Ten days later found me on one of the beautiful Maine lakes northwest of Katahdin. Its right name I do not know, but it is connected with the great chain of which Chamberlain is the chief, and whose waters are tributary to the St. John river. I had left my main supplies on Chamberlain, and had taken enough for two or three days and a light canoe, and had cruised through a long succession of lake and connecting streams. I had paddled and carried up one beautiful wild stream until I came to a forks, each branch was no longer possible of navigation, and one stream was coming down the steep mountain side in a series of beautiful cascades. From observations taken far down stream I was satisfied that somewhere up there I should find one of those mountain lakes often

found in Maine. These wild isolated lakes have a peculiar fascination to me, and turning my canoe bottom up over my head, I battled my way up the steep ledges.

It was a royal climb, many times I stopped to rest and glimpse the magnificent panorama laid out below me. At last I cleared the summit of the gully, and there not fifteen feet away was the shore of a lake, a veritable jewel studded in the mountains. All around except here at the outlet the mountain peaks rose grandly several hundred feet higher. The lake appeared to be of about five acres in extent, nearly round, and undoubtedly of great depth. The stone in the vicinity was clearly of ancient volcanic fuse, and the lake beyond question filled the bowl of an extinct volcano. There was a narrow rim of sloping land all around, intervening between the lake shore and the walls of the mountain. I launched my canoe delighted in the belief that it was the first craft to ply the waters of that fairy sea, and myself the first skipper. As I approached the opposite side I noticed what appeared to be a natural landing of rock, and I steered toward it, and I was astonished, chagrined to see moored to a stub a stout raft of logs. The tie line consisting of bark strip thongs. I stepped ashore and immediately found other

evidence of quite recent human presence and activity. Had I been in the mountains of Tennessee instead of prohibition Maine, I should have thought that I had stumbled onto a moon-shiners plant. Various implements, and wooden receptacles of the crudest kind were lying about. But, what at first looked like a still, proved to be a smelting furnace. Piles of queer colored slag, and specimens of ore entirely unlike anything I had ever seen were heaped or scattered about the ground. I then believed it to be the work of an exploring prospector examining the minerals of the region. It had an odd look to it, however, and judging by the temporary crudeness of everything I concluded that whoever the operator was he was alone. It was drawing near sun down, and as I did not intend to spend the night up there, I was about to embark again for a further view of the lake, when I noticed a trail leading off around the lake. Hurriedly I followed it. I soon came to a small brook, clear as crystal and ice cold. The path turned and led up beside it.

As I neared the mountain wall I was much surprised to see an opening leading at an angle into another glen-like pocket nearly as large as that of the lake. It was entirely invisible from the lake or any part the outer bowl. My curiosity was

now intensely aroused, and with every nerve on edge I pussy footed through the pass and there a strange sight met my eyes. It was a perfect hidden glen, a fairy garden. The tall plumes of ripened corn were visible above even patches of every garden vegetable in common use. There was a line of bean poles, pea brush, ripened vines of tomatoes, squash, potatoes, patches of stubble showed that certain kinds of grain had been cut. There were even fruit trees and a riot of late flowers, two or three hives of bees. I saw no evidence of cattle, but I heard hens scolding somewhere. It was the lodge of a veritable mountain Crusoe. So astonished and spellbound was I that I must have stood there several minutes staring at the strange scene. What puzzled me was, where the recluse lived. I could see no sign of a habitation. I had concluded that he must live in some hidden cave, when I noticed a thin line of smoke purling out of the ivy close to the mountain side. Closer inspection revealed a small hut almost covered with the vines, built right against the wall. It was not fifty feet from me.

I now realized that I had violated the sanctity of a most holy of holies, and knew not what the penalty might be. I had done so innocently enough. But that might not be any excuse. Per-

haps I had not yet been seen, and acting on that thought I started to steal back, when sounds came from the hut and the most remarkable human being I ever looked at stepped out into the open. He was fully six feet tall, and in spite of his advanced age, as straight as the pines of the mountain. His hair and beard had been long unshorn and together formed a shimmering white halo around his patrician face. But, the most remarkable thing was his garb, which was of patches of cloth and the skins of certain small animals. It gave him the tattered appearance of Rip Van Winkle in the play. He stood straight and rigid, glaring at me with the fiercest expression I had ever seen on a human countenance. It was more like the face of a snarling male lion. It was evident that he was terribly enraged at my intrusion, or more likely at my discovery of his retreat. I hastened to apologize and explain.

"I beg your pardon, sir," I said, "I am only a harmless naturalist cruising about among the mountains. I am here by the veriest accident. I had no idea and have no intent to intrude upon anyone's right of privacy. I will immediately leave the mountain, and I assure you that I shall never disclose to any living human being what I have seen here today."

"Yes. But what in Beelzebub brought you into this place? How'd you get here anyway?"

This he yelped at me in a high pitched voice like the scream of a feline.

I told him just how I had come there, and as I talked his face softened. He bored me through for a moment with his piercing eyes. "Yes," he said, in a half whisper. "I believe him, his is an honest face."

I thanked him for his good opinion, and hastened to further assure him that himself and his retreat should never be spoken of or revealed by me, and that I would at once return down the mountain, and never trouble him more. I started to do so.

"Wait! Don't go yet," he said, "I want to ask you some questions now you are here. I don't speak to human beings only about once or twice a year. When I go out to the lumber camp wangan to get a few supplies. But—where were you on the sixth?"

It was the date of the "Yellow Day." I told him that I was in Boston.

"Oh," he said, in a disappointed tone, "I had hoped that you might have been nearer, in Maine. Then his face brightened.

"Well," he continued, "Have you heard of any-

thing unusual happening on that day since you came up this way?"

Then I started to tell him what had happened in Boston, but was hardly prepared for the effect that it had upon him.

"Boston?" he shouted, "Boston? You don't mean to tell me that it went as far as that, do you? And produced such an effect? Why boy, that is four hundred miles."

I smiled, and as luck had it, I had the front page of a paper in my pocket that I had taken with me to look over again. I handed it to him.

He grasped for it eagerly. His hands shaking. His whole body quivering. His eyes seemed to throttle the words that were written there. I stared at him amazed. When he became convinced of the facts I never saw such a transformation in a human being. Jekyll and Hyde were far outdone, for his was real. His face from that of a venerable old man became that of a tiger with an antelope in its claws, and the taste of red blood on its chops. His eyes dilated, his mouth opened wide showing a lone tooth at each side like fangs in a tigerish laugh. His hands clutched and opened like huge talons. He licked his lips and his whole frame shook like a cat's stalking a robin in the grass. He was terribly excited. Singu-

larly so. At last he dropped the paper, lifted his arms toward the Heavens with his face upturning like Dantes on the rock, and cried out in wild, exultant tones:

"The world. The world is in my power. Aha, I can crush them now, like rats in a trap. Destroy them as did the deluge."

For several minutes he screamed and laughed like the harsh cry of the hyena, utterly unmindful of my presence. Then he thought of me. He paused. His face softened.

"Oh, you must excuse me," he said, "But the monstrosity of it completely undid me. I am all right now. I had no idea—but you don't know—what this means to me. Young man, you have brought me great news. A great—a terrible satisfaction. I owe you a great debt of gratitude, and now I am going to ask you to accept my hospitality for the night at least, and perhaps I will tell you—something of myself."

I would much rather have left him and gone down the mountain, and far away from there. I was very doubtful of staying. I fully believed him to be a maniac, liable to do violence. I was not afraid of man or beast, ordinarily, but there in his fast, wild stronghold, I might not pit myself against his cunning. He seemed to sense my thoughts.

"Oh, no," he said, in a voice soft now as a woman's. I am as sane as you are, and would not harm you. There is my rifle on the wall. Take it if you like and keep it with you while you are here."

I laughed heartily. He joined me. I made up my mind to stay and take a chance, and I accepted his invitation.

The neatness of his cabin interior surprised me. I have seen many houses presided over by good housewives that were no better kept. The furniture was mostly of his own rough making. But it was clean and serviceable.

Pages might be written about his wonderful hermit home and its surroundings, but my object in writing this tale is not of that, no more than I deem necessary for the better understanding of the real story. It is enough to say that this wonderful recluse had more than enough of all that he wanted for his comfort and sustenance. He went out now and then in favorable seasons to the Camp store and got a few such things as he could not raise or procure in the wilds about him. The storekeeper or whoever he met on the way paid no particular heed to him, as hunters, trappers and all sorts of rough looking characters are common enough in the wilds.

He soon prepared an ample savory supper of baked beans, boiled eggs, corn and wheat bread, honey, fruit and berries and tea graced the table. I mention these things to show that he had plenty to eat.

His manner toward me was now of the kindest. It was the calm after a storm. I was still marvelling at his strange excitement over the Yellow Day, but he did not refer to it again, neither did he make any inquiry of the world that had made such great changes since he left it. His talk was mostly of me, and he seemed intensely interested in the semi-hermit life I led most of the time myself in the same wilds.

After supper, sitting there in that strange interior, in that hidden high mountain fastness, the old man told me his life story, who he was and what he told me there in the light of his hearth fire must remain his secret, suffice it to say that it was the old story of great wrongs done him by relatives, friends and even the woman he trusted and loved, robbing him of about all he possessed, and his subsequent failure to get redress in the courts. This mountain retreat was really on his own land, but tied up in litigation. There was no usable timber on the mountain, and it was out of the way of hunting parties. Taking his time,

and by stages, he had conveyed in there the foundation of such things and creatures as he should need for the life he intended to live. Pigs, goats, fowl, cats, with the squirrels, rabbits and other larger wild animals of the region were his associates. I listened with deep interest, and a certain sense of fraternal feeling, for while I had nothing but love and respect for humanity. I loved best the solitude and associations of Nature, and its life, animate and inanimate.

"I have not told you all about myself," he said. "I may decide that it is best not to. It is too late to tell more tonight at any rate. We will sleep on it, and see what the morrow brings forth.

In another room he had a comfortable bunk of sweet balsam boughs, and clean coverings.

"You will sleep well there," he said, "And I will lie on the lounge in the living room."

I still considered him much unbalanced. I did not now blame him so much. I had gained a certain confidence, that, as he said, he would not harm me. I knew that he had taken a deep liking to me, and of a truth my sympathy had strongly gone out to this lone old man of the mountain. I think he sensed that, and that it affected him.

I did sleep well, and when I stepped out into the beautiful glen in the morning the sun was lighting

the tops of the mountain peaks. It would not light the floor of the glen for two hours yet. It was quite warm. There had been no frost yet at that altitude. The old man coming from his chores greeted me warmly. He soon prepared a sumptuous breakfast of trout fried in bacon, baked potatoes, corn bread and coffee.

Later we sat outside watching the sun rays come down the slope of the ridges. We had been silent for some moments. The old man seemed combating with his thoughts.

"Young man," he said, finally, "I have come to like you in a way that I can't explain. I had in my mind a terrible revenge on the world that has wronged me, and driven me from it. To send a terrible visitation down upon them, and destroy them, by a power that was given me. But I don't think I shall. Now, that I have seen you, I would not harm you, or yours, and I am going to tell you the rest of my story, and of my terrible secret."

I had not dared to look at him, for I knew he would divine my thoughts, which were, that he was madder than I had thought him to be.

In his early days he had taken up the study of chemical science, and at the time of his exile he had made great progress. Some valuable discoveries. He had brought with him to the wilds, cer-

tain of his needs and appliances to enable him to pursue his studies and experiment on such material as he might find in the region.

"It was while reducing a strange ore, probably of volcanic origin, that I found in the mountain near here," he said, "That I produced a residue, that by the merest accident I found to possess a most astonishing power. If I had not happened to see its effect on a pet squirrel playing in a tree near me, I should not have been here to tell you my story.

Here he went into the hut and brought out a glass jar filled with a white substance like baking powder.

"There," he shouted. "See that. I have named it the Breath of Death. This chemical if dropped into clear cold water,—no matter how vastly greater the proportion of the water may be,—will instantly cause the water to become violently agitated as in boiling, and it will throw off a dense yellowish vapor that will expand and spread rapidly, covering—if the chemical is sufficient—a vast area of territory in a very short space of time. But, that is not the most astonishing, the most appalling feature of it. One inhalation of this vapor into the lungs of any air breathing creature means its death, and at that

very moment, one or a thousand, it would be all the same, and none would have known what killed them."

I sat staring at him, too amazed to speak at his monstrous claims.

"There is enough in this jar," he went on, "To destroy a whole township. With a quantity proportionately larger I can devastate a dozen states. A recent demonstration I have made on a larger scale verifies this statement I think, according to your own words, and those of the newspaper."

I gasped. "What do you mean?" I said, "What have I told you about any vapor? or what have you seen in the paper?"

He smiled, "I mean just this," he said, "That what you have all seen and have called the Yellow day, was nothing more or less than the vapor created by about two barrels of this chemical dumped in the lake down there about nine o'clock on the evening of the sixth. I placed it on a raft, trigged up so that by pulling out a prop it would tip into the water. I paddled it across to the outlet, then I stepped ashore and pushed the raft back out on the lake. I had a fifty foot bark thong attached to the prop, at that distance out I pulled out the prop, and then as it was warm and the vapor would rise, I ran down

the mountain to a cave, where I staid for the night, far out of harm's way. Had it been cold, I should have probably been safe enough up here, as then it would have flowed over the rim on the open side and down to spread on the lower level. But, if I should see that it would rise as high as this, I could easily go up the east peak there and keep in safety to myself."

That was the crowning climax of his astounding story, hurled at me in words that pounded in my ears like the boom of thunder. Flashing on my mind as he spoke, came the existence of the rough raft, the queer furnaces, and strange ore and the heaps of slag, that I had seen down on the lake. All stern, silent proof of a portion at least of his monstrous claims. That was the first rude shock. But I soon smiled at my foolishness. The furnaces might of a matter of course be there, for his use in chemical research. The ore and slag might be that of any harmless mineral. The raft he would naturally have on the lake. I saw it all now. But I admired him for his cleverness in taking advantage of the conditions of the "Yellow day" to weave such a fabrication. Only a master brain could have conceived such a thing. He certainly read my thoughts.

"Oh, no," he said, "You are not listening to

any phantasy of a wronged old man's disordered brain. No man is saner than I. No words ever spoken are truer than all that I have uttered concerning this chemical.

"A-a-ah," he screamed. "They are too true, perhaps. But, I shall not ask you to accept my words. Eyes my boy, eyes are better than ears, and your eyes shall see, beyond doubt or argument."

He entered the hut and came out again with a thick coat and a blanket over his arm.

"Come," he said.

He led the way across the garden. Half way along we came to the brook I had followed up to the glen. A pail sat beside it. He dipped it full of the cool water and proceeded toward the steep mountain wall. Wondering, I followed. At its base we halted. High up in the clear sunlight a hawk was circling.

"We are now going into my cold chamber," he said, "but before we enter I want to explain. In experimenting with this vapor I discovered that in a warm temperature, say above 50, it will rise until it strikes a cool strata in the upper atmosphere, and it will spread there on a plane far out of harm to anything of earth—that was what happened on the Yellow day. But, in a cool temper-

ature. Ah, the result is different, different. Below 40 it will spread on the lowest plane it can find which is of course the earth's surface. It is well below 40 in where we are going, and we must put on these wraps or we will get sickness and chills."

He put on the rough coat, and handed me the blanket, which to humor him I wrapped over my shoulders. When he unfolded the coat I was surprised to see a red squirrel in a small cage. On the wall of the mountain he opened a strong rough door, and we stepped into a dark passage in the rock. A blast of icy coldness struck us, which made me thankful for the blanket. A moment later a light flared up from a thick wick in a dish of fat. Then another, and another, until every recess of the chamber was lighted. It was some thirty feet in extent, nearly square. The ceiling about a dozen feet above us. The floor was damp, and thick ice gleamed on the sides. Carcasses of deer and smaller game hung about the place, and I saw rude boxes and earthen jars. He set the pail down in the middle of the grotto. He handed me the squirrel.

"Remember now," he said, "Do just as I tell you, and when I tell you, and no harm will come to us. Now, take a pinch of the chemical in your

fingers and drop it into the pail."

He held the jar toward me. I took perhaps a teaspoonful and dropped it in the water. To my astonishment the water began to roll violently, then, up over all sides of the pail a creamy mass as thick and compact as dough, poured down to the floor, and began to spread with great rapidity in all directions. In a moment it seemed it had reached the walls, and then like water it began to slowly rise.

If I live to be a thousand I can never forget that scene. In that wild ice cold mountain dungeon, the flicker of the strange lamps, the weird light cast on the face of the old wizard, turned toward me, silently gloating at me in my first awakening to this awful truth. The hellish substance curling about my feet, creeping, creeping, up, up, to toward my knees.

"Now," he said, "put the cage down on the floor, keep hold of it, and lift it again at once."

The little creature was darting about in his prison in the full vigor of his life. I stooped and set the cage down in the vapor. Almost in the same moment I lifted it out again and I was horrified at the sight that met my eyes. The squirrel was lying limp and motionless on the bottom of the cage.

The old man took him from me and striding toward the doorway, placed the cage on a shelf and returned to my side. This was the second shock, the second fusilade of solid shot the old man had hurled into the fortress of my doubt. But he had not fully subdued me yet. That his chemical would produce the vapor, and that the vapor had killed the squirrel, was now beyond question. A visible fact. But, what it would do out in the free open atmosphere, that it would spread over so many miles, and kill all within it, I still doubted. I did not, however, blame the old scientist for thinking so, in the face of the Yellow day. If as he claimed he really had dumped such a quantity into the lake, but that was in the night, and he could not have seen what it did. No, I still believed the Yellow day to be of some natural origin unknown only to the Creator. But I was thoroughly alarmed now for our safety. Involuntarily I moved toward the doorway. I had no appetite for a breath of the vapor. The old man smiled.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, "We will get out before it gets high enough to harm us. He had extinguished all the lights now, but the one near the door. This made the place more ghoulis than before. In the lone sal low light he truly

looked like some old imp of the nether world. My discomfort, and conflicting thoughts were as an open book to him. The awful mass was now at our very arm pits. "Heavens," I thought, in another minute only it will—

"Follow me," he said, "Quickly." And never was I more ready to obey any command. From the shelf at the door he took the cage and extinguished the last light. For the moment then we were in total darkness. My heart came into my throat, and the ice on the walls was not colder than my spine.

"Now," he shouted, "Hold your breath and run well out into the glen."

He pushed the door suddenly outward, at the same instant I dashed into the blessed sunlight, and half way to the brook. Then I stopped and looked back. The old man was not far behind me, with the squirrel stiffening in the cage. He meant that I should see that it was really dead. But my attention was now directed to the mountain wall where the great mass of vapor was rising and spreading in a great funnel, until in a minute it seemed the whole sky of the bowl was obscured, and then an astonishing thing happened. My knees weakened. I caught hold of a small tree for support. My brain reeled and I choked

for breath. It was the Yellow day repeated. The sun disappeared. The same yellow bronzen appearance of the heavens. The same ghoulish cast and color of everything about me. I clung to the sapling almost paralyzed with fear. A tumult of thought surging through my brain, until a sharp thud on the ground behind caused me to cry out and wheel around. There on the ground lay the hawk that but a short time before I had seen sailing in the blue air hundreds of feet above. It was the last straw that broke the camel back of my last remaining doubt. I was satisfied now that I knew the origin of the Yellow day. Satisfied too, of the truth of every claim the old wizard had made as to the terrible power he possessed over the world, that he blamed for his wrongs. This terrible thing rightly used, would devastate an empire, destroying anything that breathed it. I had seen enough to satisfy myself as to the truth of that. What was I to do? I realized that a most terrible responsibility rested upon me. That I alone, one infinitesimal atom of all humanity stood between millions of souls and their destruction. Wild and monstrous as it was it was true. Was ever a man placed in such a situation before? Could I avert it as it was? I realized that I must above all keep my head. Make no

false step. Do nothing to create any suspicion in him. I hardly dared to think, and the truest part of it was that the world would never believe it, or give me credit for whatever I might do. He had been busy shutting up the cold chamber after the vapor had all come out. When he led the way I followed him back to the hut. The sky was clearing when we again sat before the hut. He was the first to speak.

"Well, what do you think of the Breath of Death?" he said.

"That it is rightly named. That it will do all you claim for it. That you have stumbled upon a fearful discovery, a terrible engine of death. But, do you really mean to use it? Those who injured you are probably all dead now, and you will only kill innocent people who never heard of you, to do you wrong."

"No," he said, "I do not think that I shall use it. Now I would not harm you. Yes, they are all dead, but the world is just as wicked, just as vicious and unjust toward one another. The paper you brought here shows that, in what I read while you were sleeping last night. How do I know but that the Almighty has put this in my hands to destroy them, as people were destroyed in Bible times?"

“Because in that same Bible he says: ‘Thou shalt not kill. Vengeance is mine. I gave life and I will take it away.’ I replied, and it impressed him, for he did not speak again for some moments. If I could but keep him pacified, I thought, until cold weather should lock up the mountains, much might happen before favorable conditions would come to him again. I did not believe that he had sufficient amount of the chemical to do much harm, as he had probably used it all on the sixth. I knew nothing of his source of the ore, or how long it would take him to produce enough of it, but I felt that it had not taken a very great while to make what he had used on the Yellow day. All sorts of plans and things flashed through my mind, none of which seemed feasible. I might try to overpower and confine him until I should go out and alarm the authorities. But that was a great risk. He was a powerful man despite his years. He might best me, and then he would be sure to hurl his vengeance upon the world, and would anyone believe such a story if I went out and told it? Certainly they would not. They would only laugh at me. I realized that a man like him, possessed of such an engine of destruction, was a dangerous thing to leave alone. The only plan I could come to was

to keep near him. Cultivate his favor. I believed that he would not harm me if I was with him or if he knew I was near by. I had intended to go far up through the wilds, but I could give that up now. To avert such a calamity I decided to gain more of his favor. Keep his thoughts on other things, and bring him to desire that I should be near him. Visit him at least once a week, and in that way hold him off until winter. These were the plans that surged through my mind in the brief interval that passed after I had recited the scripture.

"No," he said at last, "I will not harm anyone now. It is satisfaction enough now to know that I have them in my power."

But he rose to his feet, his eyes took on again that wild, animal leer, the Jekyll and Hyde change. He screamed again in a high pitched feline voice.

"A-a-Ah, I can crush them. Yes, crush them; waking or sleeping; indoors or out. My Breath of Death will reach them. Steal upon them like a mist in the night. It will make no sound. Give out no odor. Nothing can be felt in its contact with the flesh. Ya-a-ah, I hold them—in the grasp of my hand,—the old man, driven out into the mountains,—far away from them. I can hurl

down upon them my Breath of Death, and none will know what killed them. A dead dead world behind them."

He danced about grotesquely. His hands clenched. Now at full height. Now half crouching, in a wild fiendish stare. I feared now that his mind had given away altogether, and I might not be able to restrain him. For several minutes he danced, gesticulated and raved. Then he looked at me. His face softened. His attitude changed and he was Dr. Jekyll again.

"I know you will excuse me," he said. "But you can never know how I feel. The terrible satisfaction. I had to give it vent. But it is over now, and I will be calm enough."

I began to talk about his wonderful garden, and his life in the region. He became interested and told me much that was instructive. He showed all of his wonderful garden and home outfit. A fascinating tale could be told of it, but I have digressed too much already. I stayed with him two days. He pressed me to stay longer. I knew that he had grown to like me greatly, which assured me. Neither of us had again referred to the vapor. I told him that I must return to my camp on Chamberlain, but that in four days I would return and stay with him a while. He was pleased.

He followed me down to the rock landing on the lake, and stood there waving to me as I went over the ridge where the brook goes down. Now followed the most trying experience of my life. I know now how it is possible for hair to turn white in a night. I hope never to live through such a thing again. It was toward night on the first day that I discovered that I was on the wrong stream. That I was on water entirely unfamiliar. It did not alarm me greatly at first. But I was annoyed at the delay it would cause. I retraced my course firm in the belief that I should soon find the right way. But in this I was completely baffled, and in another hour the truth dawned on me, that for the first time in all my wanderings into those wilds I was hopelessly lost. That part of it did not so much concern me. It was the hermit. I might not be able to keep my promise to him. He would be suspicious that I too had betrayed him, and in his fury he would work day and night to get a supply of the chemical and hurl it upon the world. It was appalling. I made a leanto of boughs for the night. I had enough to eat for two days, but to my horror I had but six matches. I had fishing tackle, and with snares I might get partridge and rabbits, but that would kill time. I hoped to extricate myself the next day, but the night found

me more astray than ever. I was beat out and in desperate straits. I shall not go into the harrowing details of those awful days of fear and suspense. The fourth day, when I should have been on the mountain I was in the same distress, and the week that followed I shall never forget. It came on cold. Every hour I scanned the skies for evidence of the terrible vapor. A thousand fears tormented me. Then an icy rain set in. My matches gave out and I suffered severely. In endeavoring to catch food I had but little time to seek my way out. But such as I had I spent in tracing and retracing every stream and arm of strait between the endless maize of the lakes. The night of the twelfth day I was bordering on suicide. I sat under a dripping cedar the most of the night. I knew that a marked cold snap would follow the rain. I had firm belief that the hermit had been busy. He might have given allowance for reasonable delays on my part, but continued absence would be sure to lessen his confidence and confirm his suspicion that I had played him false. How I endured that night I shall never know, but at last dawn came and the rain ceased. The sunlight made it slightly warmer. I had made up my mind that further search was useless. The forest was thick, obscuring any chance of see-

ing very far in any direction. I had climbed many trees in my efforts to identify some mountain or other landmark, but all in vain. I was drifting aimlessly along in the belief that there was nothing now to do but remain lost and die. When I came out where there was an open barren on one side a stranded boulder near the shore looked familiar. I ran the canoe ashore and was soon overjoyed to find that it was one that I had examined closely on my way to the mountain stream. A few minutes' study revealed other familiar things, and I soon made out the way I had proceeded on my former trip. I was not but a few hours from the mountain stream, and with a new life and hope I strained every muscle in the effort to gain the mountain retreat while the day was at its best. I arrived at the foot of the cascades about the same time as I had on the first trip. I did not take the canoe this time, but hurried up the gorge as fast as I could empty handed. I found the lake lying calm and deserted. I hastened around the shore to the landing. Several rude boxes stood by the furnace. I lifted the cover of the first. Heavens it was full to the brim of the hellish white mass. The rest of the boxes proved to be the same. There was enough to cover twice the territory before affected. Frantically I grasped

them one by one and scattered their contents far back into the woods, away from the lake, kicking the leaves and dirt over the hellish stuff to prevent it from washing down to the lake in case of rains. Then I hurried along to the glen, and there a strange sight met my gaze. Where the hut had stood was now a heap of ashes and blackened timbers. I rushed forward. On a sapling standing near a fold of paper was tacked, written on it with a pencil was my name. I took it, unfolded and read it. As I had feared the hermit, angered and suspicious at my absence had reduced enough of the chemical to destroy an Empire. Then he began to give me day by day of grace, fearing to launch his vapor because of the thought that I might be innocent, and helpless to return. At last driven to desperation he had set a lighted candle in a pile of shavings, so that when it should burn down it would set the shavings afire and burn the hut, and all within it. But long before this could happen, sitting in his chair, he had dropped a small portion of the chemical into a pail of water and ended it all, as far as he was concerned, by the Breath of Death.

BELMONT SEARS.

*ON OLD SUNKHAZE

Amid the rolling forest downs of Thirty-two,
There lie dark bowery valleys winding through
Rank sheaves of fern and vine wove trees bend
low

O'er spring born crystal rivulets that flow
Pure sheltering waters for the troutlet clan
Fast barred from wiles of rod and lure of man
And clear and strong from out the tangled maze
Where joins its tributary, "Indian Brook"
Flows "Old Sunkhaze."

Here broad enchanted meadows sweep and roll
To turn "Woodpecker point" and "Windy knoll."
Anon great girted elms their awesome domes up-
send,

And clustering alders mark the water's trend,
The flower decked swale breast high of spear,
Oft riven with the trail of deer
Toward some hid pool to drink the brew and
gaze

In the rippling liquid cool of "Old Sunkhaze."

Now breaks the spell the waters wake to pour
Adown steep rip and fall with rush and roar,
The "Long sluice," "Horse race" wild, and "Gim-
let hole"

All famous haunts where, fit for truest pole,

*Sunkhaze stream in Township 32, and Greenfield, Penobscot and Hancock counties.

Lie speckled Vet's alert with ready eye,
To strike invading worm, and flick'ring fly.
And wage a royal bout with he who strays
The wild deep fens and dells of "Old Sunkhaze."

The true disciple dwelleth here near Nature's
heart,
And feels and sees and lives a kindred part,
Familiar notes of bird and bee rend to his ear,
The whispering pine the locust's drill lull solace
here,
Oh blest indeed is he who knows the sign and
tongue
And in this hallowed wilderness has roamed and
sung,
The feast within his memory clings and stays
And draws him thirsting back again to "Old Sunk-
haze."

In winter's fettering hours when chill winds blow,
And plain and stream are sleeping deep 'neath ice
and snow
The faithful sit and live again in fireside dreams
The happy days they've dwelt by thee oh Prince
of streams,
They hear perhaps the purl of rip the laugh of
fall,
And longing hope to sense again the welcome call,
When they man Pilgrim back to thread those gold-
en ways
Along the wild deep fens and dells of "Old Sunk-
haze."

WHEN THE BIRDS ARE ON THE WING

Old "Sport" is getting "shifty," isn't lazing in
the sun,
He keeps the cats a climbing, and the chickens on
the run,
He sniffs around the closet where the shooting
traps repose,
And gazes toward the "shopping" with an upward
tilted nose,
For, over on the ridges he has heard the welcome
ring
That the hunting time is open, and the birds are
on the wing.

The dawn is sharp and bracing, and the sky a
deeper blue,
The maple and the sumac taken on a ruddy hue,
The tinted leaves are falling and the hedge is
getting bare
There's a captivating odor of the woodland in the
air,
And from every nook and corner, Nature's forces
seem to sing,
That the hunting time is open and the birds are on
the wing.

The duck along the logans are skimming o'er the
swale,
And over from the cover comes the piping of a
quail,

The woodcock hurtles upward on the fringes of
the dell
The wily snipe is drilling in the loaming of the
fell,
While the partridge on the sloping of the ridges
loves to cling,
When the hunting time is open and the birds are
on the wing.

The fishing rod is idle though its memory is dear,
And with reel, creel and tackle must await another
year,
Now the fowling piece and game bag are the or-
der of the day
As over hill and valley we shall wend a happy
way,
While out upon the breezes every worry we will
fling,
When the hunting time is open and the birds are
on the wing.

HIRAM'S RETURN

Yes, I'm home again, from the clatterin' train
An' the city's dins an' jars,
An' I've been out to the pasture lane
And leaned across the bars,
I've smelled the ground and the fields around
An' drank its peace an' calm—
An' say, they're welcome to their town
But, I'll stay on the farm.

This much I'm worth of this ol' earth
My cows, my hens an' sheep,
An' the food an' fire that cheers my hearth
Is growin' while I sleep,
The pure sweet air, an' my humble fare
Is mine by God's decree
An' there ain't no trust o' Satan's lair
Got any grip on me.

The sharks control their wood an' coal,
Their ice, their oil an' flour,
The vulture's own 'em self an' soul
An' grind 'em hour by hour,
It may be life an' style—but say,
'T would stick tight in my craw
To have some blasted trust to pay
For the very breath I draw.

My boy, 'f your good for a rod o' soil
Take my advice an' stay,

Where the man that ain't afraid o' toil
 'll get his honest pay,
Need no one's favor, fear no frown,
 An independent charm,
That I hain't seen in your cultur'd town
 But I hav' found on the farm.

*AND THE SEA SHALL GIVE UP ITS
DEAD

At last, the sea reluctant yields its dead,
The last sad rite performed with solemn tread
The vigil's o'er, now falls the tear drenched veil
On this, a long and heart pierced bitter tale.

Full youth's bright zest of life had they,
As that fair morn they sailed the peaceful bay,
None reck'd on tempest foe to lurk and leap
And strike them down to death within the deep,
Thus rend in twain bright home's most precious
tie,
A father's strongest hope, a mother's all to die.

Fair rolls the sea, and ever hearts must writhe,
But here the waves have claimed a heavier tithe,
On such as these depends the hope of State,
On such as these the scrolls of fame await,
These are a country's pride, a nation's stay,
Mould of its strength of future swept away,
So, bends a city's head in tears to share
A kindred grief for these it's stricken fair.

*Written after the recovery of the last body, of eight high school boys of Bangor, drowned by the capsizing of a sail boat in a sudden storm in Penobscot Bay in the fall of 1907.

SEPTEMBER

The bard man tune of his day in June,
And musing ask, "What is so rare?"
We'll not gainsay its garb is gay
Its breath is sweet its skies are fair,
But, rarest hues, and joys profuse
And scenes the longest to remember,
Come with the haze of golden days
That greet and thrill us in September.

The fields are shorn, in stacks the corn,
In pyramids the pumpkins glow,
By hedges nod, the golden rod,
And starry purple asters blow,
In red and brown the boughs weigh down,
With Baldwins, Russets full and round,
While here and there mid all the fare
The farmer's cheery shouts resound.

On every hand the hillsides grand
With trees bedecked in matchless shades,
The plover's pipe, the grouse and snipe,
Are rising in the ripened glade,
'Mid reed and brake, with rippling wake,
The wild ducks glide and dip their bills,
The harvest moon, the plump raccoon,
The hunter's heart in rapture thrills.

None less the praise of summer days,
They grow the wealth of golden fare,

That autumn's hand lifts from the land
And gives to each his mete and share,
So, let us sing, its glories ring,
The month of all the welcome member,
That brings good cheer for all the year
Salubrious, bounteous gay September.

THE BANGOR FAIR

The gala days are almost here,
The greatest week in all the year,
When crowds from everywhere,
On wagon, trolley, boat and train,
From every highway, street and lane
Will flock to the hustling hub of Maine
To see the Bangor fair.

There'll be the crazy screaming swirl,
The dizzy midway's rampant whirl,
Where "Barkers" rend the air,
And drums will beat and trumpets blow
For many a flaring wonder show,
And everybody's sure to go
To see the Bangor fair.

There's peanuts, 'pop and lemonade
And every sort of game that's played.
You'll surely find it there.
The blow up toots's familiar strain,
The red balloons and striped cane,
It makes us feel like kids again
To see the Bangor fair.

There'll be big cattle, sheep and swine,
Dandy stepping trotters fine,
Wild West wonders rare,
Amazing acts to beat the band,
Fireworks, bombs and rockets grand,
A luckless man that's not on hand
To see the Bangor fair.

It only comes but once a year
This rousing rife of fun and cheer
That can't be found elsewhere.
Don't miss the time of all your life,
But take a day from toil and strife,
And bring both old and young and wife
To see the Bangor fair.

*THE LARCHMONT

Ill fated vessel, true to Neptune's realm,
Long years she answered e'er the helm,
And braved the waters she was built to sail,
The "norther" of her parent state, and Fundy's
gale,
Undaunted met, and best within her gave,
To breast and o'er the hungry wave
Bear precious burden, safely, year by year,
From port to port, where waited friends to hear,
Her welcome blast, that beat from sea to shore
Glad tidings of voyage gained once more.

Then, banished she, afar, to waters new,
Rough stripped of name, with alien crew,
She sailed to greet again no more,
The castled heads of Maine, and 'Brunswick's
shore.

No more to hail responding blow,
That came from 'Quoddy Head, and Point Le-
preaux.

No blame on her, staunch Cumberland of old,
That such a bitter story must be told,
A thousand hearts that held her dear of yore,
As scenes of happy memory surge before,

*Formerly the Cumberland, plying for many years from Boston to Maine and New Brunswick ports, afterward condemned and sold to the Long Island Sound service, and re-named the Larchmont, and later sank in a collision at the head of the Sound.

Will drop a tear, true as the beating wave
That swells above her exile ocean grave,
The rest, her honored hulk has found,
There in the broad deep gateway of the sound.

OUR VOLUNTEERS*

They've gone, respondent to their Country's call,
They've severed precious home, and social ties,
While bitter tears were shed, and deepest sighs,
Theirs has been a noble sacrifice,
God bless these youthful heroes one and all.

Just as comes the time of sport and game,
When Nature on their well loved state bestows,
Her fondest smiles and richest favor shows,
They haste to leave it all to meet the foes,
And keep aloft their country's honored name.

These are the best of our city's blood and bone,
Her pride, her greatest hope of future years,
On these our watch will fall, in hope and fears,
'Til o'er our land no cloud of war appears,
Nor at our doors distress and hunger's tone.

Their vacant chairs we'll guard in silent pain,
We know they'll meet and do their duty well,
Some may return with saddened hearts to tell,
How comrades in the battle bravely fell,
But, none will tell that one of these forgot the
Maine.

*Written on the day of the departure of the Bangor volunteers to the Spanish war.

LINCOLN

Dedicated to the allied patriotic societies, the Grand Army of the Republic, The Ladies' Relief Corps, the Daughters of Veterans and the Sons of Veterans. Read at People's Temple, Boston, Mass., Lincoln night, 1913.

With hearts o'erflowing, on his natal day. We
 breathe his name,
The name, inscribed the highest, in our hearts own
 Hall of Fame,
The name, that stands for highest thought, of hu-
 mane mind and might,
The name that stands for Justice, Freedom,
 Equity, and human right.

Of lowly, cabin birth, was he, and scion of the
 humblest clan,
And, yet, he rose to win the highest place be-
 stowed by man, to man.
Ancestral pride, inheritance, advantage, he had
 none,
All that he was, to all that he attained, alone
 he won.

Thus, peace on earth, good will to men, was his
 great aim of life,
But fate had willed, had reared him to, a fear-
 some strife,

A strife a thousand fold the more appalling to his
heart,
Since it in fiercest hate had rent his own loved
land apart,
And, greater, graver dangers too, he knew were
lurking nigh,
Where jealous Empires crouched, and watched,
with venom's eye,
Our country's vaunted standards, links of Union,
all,
Stood shaking, while these foes looked on, to see
it fall,
Impending crisis, then, was hovering there, and
his, to grasp and stay,
A task to make a mighty Ajax quail, a Titan,
halt and sway.

Who, ever, of mankind was weighed in such a
scale before?
And, who, in all fulfillment, ever gave to country,
more?
His master thought, his quickened sight, his force
of hand,
Unflinching guidance, firm diplomacy, command,
To slavery's unholy reign, he bade its bondage
cease,
His ready hosts, through war's dark night, brought
victory, and peace,
And, last, at triumph's dawn, he gave his blood
as well,
Though foul the hidden blow by which he mar-
tyred fell.

A century's half of healing years, have swept
away,
Since to the tomb, they bore, his hallowed clay.

The tomb, where memory lessens, as the years roll
on.
And others enter, mind and place, the vestments
don.

But, is our Lincoln thus forgotten? Is he dead?
Has such a gloried memory from the living, fled?
No, Lincoln lives, forever will, in heart, in ear, in
eye

For such as he, such deeds as his can NEVER
die.

He lives, and not of us alone, but over all the
world,

Wherever history's most gloried scrolls have been
unfurled,

He lives, in our great country's honor saved, kept
undefiled,

He lives in all its hearts united now, and recon-
ciled,

He lives, in every veteran's bronzen badge and
battle scars,

He lives, in our loved flag's unsullied stripes, and
undimmed stars.

They tell us that he was ungainly, and that homely
was his face,

He had no sculptor's mold of form, nor poise of
grace,

The better then, it might reveal, what dwelt with-
in, behind.

The higher ethics of a loftier soul, an abler mind.

Will history's gloried writ so bright outshine
again?

Of such as he, from out the walks of men,
If, ever man whose feet earth's sands have trod
Has won the right to see, to walk, with God,
'Tis He, who wins of Heaven's goal will see him
there,

Where all is peace, and love, is bright and fair.

And, yet, words fail, seem void, of what we fain
would voice,

When e'er we strive to laud. We mourn, and
yet, rejoice,

Perhaps he best would have us simply say of him,
As, when on Gettysburg's red field, with eyes
adim,

He said of them, the other heroes slain,

"These Honored dead—shall not have died in
vain."

THE REMICK CASE

PROBABLY nowhere can more strange and mysterious things happen, furnishing food for superstition, and foundation for wild legendary lore, than in the vast wilderness of forest, lake and stream in Northern Maine.

Most guides and sportsmen are firm believers in these "signs" and omens, and without their witchery life in the woods would be to them robbed of half their charm.

It is a rare thing to find an old woodsman who is not loyal to certain traditions of this sort. There was one guide, Duff Baker, who stubbornly tabooed everything of such nature. He asserted that there is nothing supernatural, not the slightest sense in any of the so-called "signs," that nothing can happen—however mysterious and unexplainable it may appear—but what if sanely sifted down, a perfectly logical solution will be found for it. This heresy on Duff's part subjected him to much banter from his associates, and they would have given much to see the old guide floored.

Duff was retained by the year by Belmont Ellis, a wealthy New Yorker, to guide, cook and look

after his camps and property in the Pleasant river region of Maine. Ellis himself was a faithful disciple of the Goddess of witchcraft, and he persistently endeavored to convince and convert Duff. But the old guide always argued him down, getting the best of it. Ellis thought he had him in the Remick case, and while Duff presented a very logical explanation of the affair, and the following remarkable series of happenings, still Ellis felt and believed that Duff's defense had been for the once jarred severely, and it would be no wonder, so weird and ghoulish were the circumstances that it would have driven some men from the region, if not from the woods altogether.

Silas Remick, at the age of twenty-five, when by the death of his father he became sole master of the "Remick place," was considered a model young man, as well as an able and efficient farmer. The "Remick place" was regarded as one of the finest farm homesteads in Maine.

Silas was possessed of not one bad habit. He was a faithful worker, early and late. He had acquired a good common school education and was credited with being the most "well read" man in the neighborhood. The only recreation he ever indulged in was a few days hunting in the fall, and trout fishing on rainy, or holidays in season.

Silas's favorite trout brook was about half a mile from his home, it was a wild mountain stream, and its source was "Devil's Lake," one of those peculiar mountain lakes often found set in a pocket high up in the hills of Maine. There were strange uncanny stories about this lake. It was a strange, unnatural looking place. It was four or five acres in extent, nearly round and said to be unfathomable in depth. High black cliffs rose almost perpendicular all around it, except at the outlet gorge. It was probably fed by springs somewhere in its depths, and this was ample enough—even in dry times—to send down from it, in the brook a good flow of water. It was clear and cool, and a paradise for the speckled tribe who like just such water.

The tradition concerning the lake was that it was haunted by some sort of Geni-i, or Gnomes, that had the power of drawing a once visitor to the lake back again at will, and finally into the lake, to still live, but to be seen no more of men. This wild story was laughed at by most of the natives about there, but be that as it may, none of them ever went very near the place, and Silas had never set his foot by its shore. He had seen it from the vantage of a distance on the cliffs of the gorge. He had been advised by his father early

in his youth not to go there, and so far, he had obeyed. He could not confess to any real fear of the place, or belief in the reports concerning it, but he had simply respected the wish of his father, and had never gone further up the stream than the falls below the outlet gorge which was nearly a quarter of a mile from the lake. One spring Silas's mother began to notice that he was taking an unusual number of fishing trips, and she became alarmed when she saw that he was neglecting his stock and farm. When she gently remonstrated with him he took it good naturedly promising that he would cease his fishing and go to work, but in reality he went oftener. He seemed distraught and unnatural. He returned regularly about the same time every afternoon and always brought home plenty of trout. It was a terrible source of trouble to his mother who did the best she could and said nothing about it to the neighbors, but they were noticing it. This went on until he went every day, and all the work he did was nights and mornings. One afternoon he did not come home at the usual time. When darkness began to fall his frightened mother sent out an alarm to the neighbors. They started a search for him at once with lanterns. They went to the stream and followed up the well beaten trail to the falls of the gorge, but found no

trace of him. With solemn faces they went up into the gorge and were surprised to find the path well beaten there. Half way along the level of the gorge to the lake they found his hat, fishing rod and creel, and what the minks had left of his catch of trout. There was no evidence of any struggle, and no tracks of any animal large enough to have molested him. A further search of the entire gorge failed to reveal any other trace of him. The party returned to his home and reported what they had found. His poor mother was prostrated. She knew of the stories concerning the lake, but had really never believed them. She was surprised to learn that he had been visiting the lake. She was sure now that he had met his death there in some way, and feared that it might be by the haunt of the lake, as she knew that Silas's father would never go there, nor his father before him, and it had been rumored that the grandfather had been once molested there by some strange terrible things that had sought to drag him into the lake. Searching by large parties, made up of neighbors from far and near continued for days and weeks, but no further trace was ever found of him. Attempts were made to drag the lake, but its great depth prevented success. It was the death of Silas's mother who did not

survive the shock. It was the one great topic and wonder about there for many months, but like all things it gradually died out. But the place was greater feared and shunned than ever. This happened five years before Belmont Ellis opened his camp on Loon lake, three miles from Devil's lake stream. He soon heard of the Remick case, but not through Duff who was always reticent about talking about it. Duff had known young Remick, and his father, and liked them both; had been one of the longest searchers. One night in the course of an argument on things supernatural, Ellis in his extremity flung the Remick case at Duff.

"What have you got to say about that?" asked Ellis. "You ain't saying much about that, eh? If there is nothing supernatural then what become of Silas Remick?"

"There is nothing to say, because the boy was drowned, and that is all there is to it," said Duff.

"Drowned! How could he have been drowned? There was no boat on there, and he wouldn't go in swimming—not with his clothes on. There never was any fishing there—everyone says so. Now, why should he continue to go there day after day and let things go to ruin? Probably he went there in the first place out of curiosity or as a dare. But what took him back there again, and again? And

what got him at last? Answer that."

"My theory is," said Duff calmly, "That he went crazy on that one thing. The story regarding the lake was probably always on his mind. It affected his brain. Finally after his father died, and he considered himself free from his obligation and his own master, he went there—as you say, out of curiosity, then he fancied that something was calling him back, and he went, and so on, all the time getting more and more crazy."

"Well, that's first rate Duff," said Ellis, "But isn't that the very story as it goes? That there is something that will draw anyone back there. He went, didn't he? There is no disputing that. But we will let that part of it go. What got him finally? That is what I want to know."

"Why I reckon that in his madness he expected that something was to come out of the lake and get him, and when nothing did, he simply thought he must go in himself and he did. He probably weighted his pockets with stone and jumped in; that's easy."

Ellis smiled, and sat and looked at the old logician.

"Say," he flung out, "I've got a curiosity to see that place. Do you dare go?"

"Certainly I'll go," flashed back Duff, "If you

say so. We'll start now. I hope you don't think I'd be afraid—and who knows?" he said smiling, mebbe we might happen to solve the whole thing. Stranger things happen."

The next morning it looked rainy, but about mid forenoon the sun came out, and taking a light canoe over their shoulders they started on a hike to Devil's lake stream, and then along its rough side up the steep climb to the entrance of the outlet gorge, then followed along this to the lake. Duff pointing out the place where they found Silas's hat and things on the way. It was certainly an awesome place. Ellis was startled at the uncanny wildness of it, as he looked it over it appeared to him to be the crater of a long extinct volcano, but the most peculiar part was the outlet. It looked like a canal cut out of the solid mountain. It was nearly an eighth of a mile long and very deep. The mountain wall rose straight up on one side of it. But on the other there was a narrow shelf-like passageway overgrown with low scrub. Ellis had never seen just such a place, and with its strange history he had a creepy feeling such as he had never before experienced. They had spoken but few words. It was about noon, and the full flood of the sun's rays penetrated and lighted up every recess of the vast pit. Ellis was thankful that they

had not come in a cloudy day.

Duff launched the canoe and they were soon gliding out towards the middle of the bowl, both facing front. Ellis could never truly describe the sensation he felt as the great walls of the far side loomed higher and higher above them, and the black recesses under the overhanging crags of the far side drew nearer to them. Duff had ceased rowing for the moment and they sat gazing about at the strange scene. Suddenly there was a sharp break in the water a few feet in front of the canoe, and out shot something several feet in the air. It glinted for a moment in the sun and fell hurtling back slap on the water almost within a hand reach of Ellis, where it lay bobbing up and down on its own ripples.

Both of them sat for a minute too dumbfounded to speak or move. Ellis finally turned and looked back at Duff who sat motionless, his bronzen face slightly paled staring at the bottle, for that is what it was, and now within reach of Duff's hand, and he bent and took it, and dropped it into the canoe. Then he started and paddled back to the shore from where they had started. There they landed and Duff took the bottle and carried it up on the shelf of the ledge. Then he handed it to Ellis. The magnate took it, handling it gingerly. It was

a pickle bottle with a large mouth. It was corked and seemed corroded or glazed so that its contents were not visible. Ellis took his knife and pried out the cork and drew out a roll of paper apparently the leaves of a diary. They were damp. Stuck closely together, and were written on with a lead pencil. He separated them and laid them on the rock to dry, which took but a minute in the hot June sun. Neither of them had spoken. When he had gathered the leaves again he sat down and read the first few lines to himself. Then he handed them to Duff and asked him if he knew the writing?

"The guide scanned the writing closely for a moment and said, "Yes, it is Silas Remick's."

"You read it then," said Ellis, and Duff read as follows:

"I know not the place, the hour, day, month or year. I only know that I live and think. I will set forth as clearly as I can under the conditions and with the limited means at hand what has been my terrible fate. The first time I went up through the gorge to the Devil's lake, I went to satisfy a long time curiosity. I saw nothing remarkable, other than the place itself, and came home. A day or two later I had a strange desire to go to the lake again. I shook it off for a day or two, but on

the fourth day I went fishing on the brook and then went up to the lake again. I simply had to. I did not have will power to resist the desire to go there. I saw nothing out of place that day, but the desire to go there again became each time stronger. I had been going there a month before I first saw the frog men. They were standing on a shelf of rock on the far side. At first I thought they were men, but when I got a clear view I saw that they were some strange creatures all body and head with queer legs and arms. There were two of them and they stood as tall as a good sized man. They were naked and looked like giant frogs, and they walked erect. They seemed to beckon to me. I was terribly frightened and started and backed away along the path until I had got half way along the outlet, then I ran and never stopped until I was well down the stream.

I never meant to go near the place again, or to even fish the brook. But that is where I did not know the terrible power or whatever it was of that awful place, for go again I had to and did within a week.

I saw the frog men often, but always on the far side, and as they did not molest me I soon got to not mind them so much, but I had always the fear and belief that they would get me. At last I was

going there every day. I had gone there for several days and had not seen the frog men, when one day I had been to the lake and sat on the rock as usual for about half an hour and had started back. I got half way along the gorge when I was almost paralyzed to see the two great frog men rise right up in the path before me. It was terrible. There was no way of escape. I was completely hemmed in, and at their mercy. They were upon me in an instant. Then I tried to fight them, but they pinned my arms one on each side of me and rushed me over the bank of the outlet. They had great strength. Instantly we were under the water and that is all I remember. It was all done in a moment. The next thing I did know I seemed to wake up in a strange place and in an unnatural element. I breathed in a peculiar gasping manner. There was a dense feeling of pressure all about me. I saw dimly at first. Then it got clearer. I was in a large grotto in the solid rock. The strange phosphorescent light seemed to shine from everywhere in the rock. I saw one of the frog men near me. Then he disappeared. I found that I could move, I could walk. It was hard at first, but by moving my hands in a swimming motion I got along quite well. There was no outlet that I could see.

I realized then that I was in the water, probably at a great depth, and living as water creatures do. My clothes were still on me. I felt no pain, nor hunger. I never have since I have been here. But I think that is the worst of it. I sleep. I am always in some dungeon. I have been taken by the frog men to different ones in different parts of the earth depth. When we go from place to place there is a change in the light overhead. I believe it is the light of the world above. And it was this that had led me to try and send up a message, that the world may know of my awful fate and profit by it, and keep far away from the Devil's lake. For the stories about it are true, as I know. Oh, so terribly well. I had in the pocket of my coat a pickle bottle that I carried some pickles in for lunch. I had emptied it, rinsed it out and corked it tight. I had an old diary and the stub of a lead pencil. I found that I could write quite well in the water with the pencil, and in that way I have written this message, by keeping the bottle upside down I can draw out the cork and slip the message up into the bottle without letting in water. Then when I am in what I think is open water I shall release it, and it will rise to the surface of the lake and be picked up by some one, I hope, and then the world will know.

I do not ever expect to come back to the world again. If it were not for my mother I would not so much care, but I know how she has suffered by my actions. But this is how it is. I have had to do it. I had no power to prevent it. Perhaps they will some day let me come back, and I will do the best I can. If my mother is alive tell her this, and that I hope she will forgive me, and understand it. I am getting to the end of my diary leaves. This is about all anyway. Keep far away from the Devil's lake. I wish I had. Good bye to the world; everybody. God help me.

SILAS REMICK."

Ellis watched the old woodsman, now and then flashing a furtive glance down the outlet, drinking in every word of the message that he read, but for the shame of it he would have fled from the place in utter rout.

Duff, however, seemed in no hurry to go. He folded the leaves deliberately and sat looking at them as he would have the open casket of Silas had it been before him. Ellis was sure enough that Duff had met his Waterloo at last, that he was fairly bowled off his high pedestal, and thoroughly scared as he was, the satisfaction to him of this superseded the terror that he felt of the place and

the remarkable happening. A huge black cloud had come over and the bowl was almost in darkness which added to his terror.

Ellis spoke first, "Well, Duff," he said, "What have you got to say now? Anything supernatural about this?"

Duff looked up innocently.

"Why, no," he said, "Why, do you think there is?"

"Oh, no," said Ellis, "Most natural and commonplace occurrence in the world.

Oh, come now Duff, come off, own it up that you are properly licked out of your boots. But, of course, you can explain it all off hand I s'pose?"

"Why, it is plain enough to me now," said Duff, "It is just about as I told you at the camp. Silas had gone clean crazy over the thing as many another good man has on much less provocation. The thing simply got on his brain, and he began going there as he fancied he had to, and when nothing molested him he imagined up the whole thing. The frog men. The capture, His life in the bottom of the deep lake. The message—he probably wrote it sitting right where we are this minute. Then when all was ready he put the bottle in his coat pocket and floated himself out there

and sank. His clothes he knew must in about such a time rot away to shreds, and the bottle get its release and be picked up and create the sensation that he hoped it would. I am glad this has happened, for now I know what has become of him. But it is about as I told his mother before she died."

Ellis sat gasping at Duff as he so calmly disposed away what had seemed a most astounding and terrifying visitation of the haunt of the lake. Secretly he admired the old man's reasoning. But his stubborn refusal in the face of such proof as this goaded him. He would have gladly seen the frog men or the old boy himself come out of the lake right by their side to break the adamant wall of Duff's heresey. Ellis held one more trump card he believed and he played it.

"Yes," he said, "That is all very pretty, but what about that bottle coming as it did right in front of our canoe. That was there by the merest chance on my notion to come there. Something having a chance of not one in a hundred million. Nothing strange about that, eh?"

Duff looked up surprised, almost pityingly.

"Why, our passing there—or anyone's was the very cause of the bottle's release," he said. "It was just at noon, at the time of the year when the

sun at that hour is exactly overhead. In that bowl we cast a strong shadow down there, and disturbed a big eel or a big trout—they are in there—and its movement in the shredded remains of Silas's clothes dislodged the bottle from its now very slight hold and it came up. Nothing else for it to do. Law of nature."

Ellis got up and took hold of his end of the canoe, and silently they filed out of the gorge. The frog men did not appear to them. Duff did not expect they would. The next day Ellis moved to his camps on Allagumpus twenty-five miles distant, and he has never occupied the Loon lake camps since.

*TO "JOCK" DARLING

No need of anxious watcher by his couch of suffering now,
No need of soothing hand to cool his fevered throbbing brow,
No need of baffled doctor to his side with muffled tread,
The grand old Nimrod's wants are gone, his hunter's soul has fled.

He loved the mighty forest, where he was bred and born,
To him no sweeter music, than the echoing birchen horn,
To him no greater pleasure than to trail the lordly moose,
With his antlered head, and giant tread, in the forest's deep recluse.

The forest sires with reverence bow, and dark their shadows throw,
And from the lonely glades the winds are sighing sad and low,
The lakes 'neath bonds of ice and snow, join in the requiem,
They loved him, and they mourn the loss of love he bore for them.

*Jonathan Darling, one of the most noted of Maine sportsmen, a life-long woodsman, guide and warden. He was noted for having assisted greatly in driving the wolves that once infested the state—and had exterminated the deer—from out of its borders.

Many a mountain, vale and trail that knew him in
the chase,
Will wonder why he comes no more, and miss his
"shoe pack's" trace,
Old Nicaous his favorite lake, whose every shore
he knew,
Will miss the sip of his paddle's dip, and the
kiss of his light canoe.

Sleep brother, rest thy soul and may it ever dwell
in peace,
Until the dawn of that great day, when all of
earth shall cease,
Then, if beyond this broken life, a better shall be
found,
Be it to you, your fondest dream, of happy hunt-
ing ground.

THE CAST OF THE MOTTLED FLY

Some sigh for the billows dashing,
 With a tarpon fast a lee,
Or a giant sea bass lashing,
 The swell of a tropic sea,
Some sing of the leaping tuna,
 In the San Catalina Bay,
And some would fish for the Ouananiche,
 In the flood of the Saguenay.

But, me for a mountain shoulder,
 And a Maine rock riven flume,
Where the stream leaps down a boulder
 And churns scuds of spume,
That o'er the pool goes drifting
 With the clouds of the mirrowed sky,
And the hues flash out on spangled trout
 To the cast of a mottled fly.

*NIGHTFALL ON THE LAKE

The winds subside, at eventide,
The waters still and calm,
The wooded steep, is mirrored deep,
So, double is its charm,
As grows the shade within the glade,
The wood thrush pipes and trills,
The sun's last beam, of golden gleam,
Bids good night to the hills.

At darkness fall, the loon's weird call,
Seeks out its straying mate,
And bat and owl, come forth to prow
From out the forest gate,
Then, breaks the pall, as over all,
The moon lifts up to light,
The mystic scene, in silver sheen,
And glorify the night.

*Phillips lake, Hancock county.

*NEARER MY GOD TO THEE

At midnight, on the vast mid sea,
The world's most awful tragedy,
A thousand souls in death's dark throe,
Adrift, on life raft, spar and floe.

Pastor, Father, none were there,
To lift the cross, to utter prayer.
Were these wrecked souls thus doomed to die
Without some sign from him on high?
Ah, no, his hosts on sea or land,
E'er in the hollow of his hand,
See, hushed the dying cry and moan,
Hark, the holy anthem's tone,
As Heaven's own voice, now cometh ye,
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

Thus, Heaven inspired that noble band,
As on the deck they took their stand
Sinking, sinking, to meet the wave,
On the very brink of an ocean grave,
What there of Country, Station, Creed?
Just human souls in direst need,
And sweet hope came, through reed and horn,
To the dying host on that dark morn,
E'en as the waters met their feet,
The brave band peeled the anthem sweet,
And peace came then, as souls went free,
"Nearer, my God, to thee."

*The Titanic, disaster.

A MAINE FOREST DRAMA

In the great north forest's deep confine
On a ridge side stood a giant pine,
Scion of royal line was he
Of mighty stature clear and free
His brawny trunk of noble girth
Far upward from the parent earth.
And on the ridge close by his side
As a maiden in her flushing pride
A comely maple, straight and trim,
Smooth of trunk and lithe of limb,
Scarce lifted up her crowning tress
To meet his first great arm's caress.

And proud she laughed in trusting glee
"My noble pine will shelter me,"
What lives there that can shake his hold
Of root deep cleft in rock and mold?
"An hundred years" she proudly said,
"It took to rear his lofty head,"
His is the greatest brawn and might,
His by far the grandest height,
And he, as far as eye can span
Is King, of all the forest clan.

At first warm drench of vernal rain
The sap blood coursed the Maple's vein,
And soon a soft brown tasseled spray
Festooned each tender sprig of grey,
Then, burst to leaves of richest green

With two winged pendants looped between,
When Autumn's harvest breezes blew
She robed herself in brightest hue,
Her splendid garb, the rest outshone
She ruled the forest belle alone,
And to her lord of sombre green
She was, the fairest forest Queen.

But, alas, there came the fateful day
The ruthless axman passed that way,
She saw him mete with greedy eye
The mighty pine from earth to sky,
And she thought, "what a puny thing is he,"
Beside my noble towering tree,
Then, at his feet soon rang the deal
Of stroke on stroke of cruel steel,
She saw the great pine shake and sway,
She heard his iron grain give way,
And thunders beat the hills around
When his mighty body lashed the ground.

Alone, on the hillside bleak and bare
The maple still is standing there,
She is not as comely, straight and trim,
But gnarled and seared in trunk and limb,
She has felt the blight of the tempest's breath
The keen and bitter sting of death,
'Tis true, when Autumn's feast holds sway
She decks herself in the same bright way,
But her drooping branches softly veil
A moss grown stump 'neath briar and swale,
And there, 'til death she will faithful cling
To the love of her fallen forest King.

***THE WIND AND THE WATERS OBEY
MY WILL**

Man boasteth his power, and dwelleth in pride,
That he standeth the laws of Nature aside,
But, his stone and steel are as rushes frail,
In the torrent's path, on the cyclone's trail,
Aye, his vaunted bars, and his pride of deed
Are swept away as the autumn reed.
And, there's death in the valley, on plain and hill,
When, the winds and the waters obey his will.

*Written on the Western floods of 1913.

DAN DE LION

Poets long have sung their praises
Of the lilies and the daisies,
And the glory of the violet and the lily has been
told,
But, what of Flora's member
That from April to November,
Lights the highway and the byway
With its flaming torch of gold.

The olden dandelion,
The golden dandelion,
The glory dandelion
With its flaming torch of gold.

"Tooth of lion," shade of ages,
Who so vicious of its Sagas,
As to foist such vile misnomer
On this cheery bloom of flame,
And where e'er the eye is resting,
There its millions are protesting
On the hillside and the rillside,
The injustice of the name.

The olden dandelion,
The golden dandelion,
The children's dandelion,
And its flaming torch of gold.

*COLUMBIA'S LAMENT

What's this I hear? Say that again!
I couldn't have heard aright,
Our Uncle Sam, that boast of men,
Now shrinking from the fight,
That I should live to see this day,
The thought I cannot fix,
That we could stray, so far away,
From the spirit of Seventy-six.

Why, then we stood but a puny band,
And bravely met a foe—
The strongest nation in the land
No shrinking did we show,
'Twas forward all, both young and old,
No quibbling words were spent,
We were not sold, for greed or gold,
And what we said we meant.

Now shall we stand this murdering hand,
Before our very doors?
And lend this struggling Cuban band
No aid from out our shores!
It's not so long since we once fought,
As they're now fighting Spain,
And are we brought to count for naught
Our martyrs of the Maine.

*Written at the seeming hesitation of the United States to interfere in Cuba.

For all these years before the world,
We've grown in pride and might,
Beneath old Glory's stripes unfurled,
For human lift and might,
Now shall we see that banner stayed,
Or lose its honored name,
Lord God of David, lend thine aid,
And save us from the shame.

*THE "HURRY UP" NAG

Oh, I'm the Bang "Hurry up" nag,
That hauls the 'bo and the festive jag,
It's night and day for the same old pay,
A measure of oats and a bunch of hay,
The whole year long the same old song,
The bell goes ding, and the bell goes dong,
And away I go on the downy stones
With battered feet and aching bones.

For many a year I've done my best,
For the knights of booze and the sons of rest,
But, never a spell from the sizzling bell,
Whether my feet are sore or well,
I sigh, alas, for a week of grass
But that's a treat I'll have to pass,
There's naught for me but hustle and hike
'T he old blue "Hurry up" over the pike,

Twenty-four calls in twenty-four hours,
In this old prohib' town of ours,
It isn't my deal, to kick or squeal,
But, I'm no dad dinged automobile,
My eyelids close for a wink of doze,
When, ding dong ding the tapper goes,
And away I go on a round up cruise,
For they who tarry at the ruddy juice.

*Written at the suggestion of a Judge of the Bangor Municipal Court.

Yes, I'm the Bangor "Hurry up" nag,
It's a gay old job and never a lag,
Night and day for the same old pay,
A measure of oats and a bunch of hay,
The same old song, the whole year long,
The bell goes ding, and the bell goes dong,
And the only hope to rest my bones,
Is the trumpet call of "Davey Jones."

UNCLE JED

HE boarded the train at Portland. You could almost hear the calves blat and the hens cackle. The car was well filled, and he paused hesitatingly beside the only seat with one occupant. The pleasant looking drummer moved over closer to the window and said, "Sit in uncle, sit in."

Thus assured the agriculturist said, "Thankee," then jamming his prehistoric bumbazook under the seat sat down. He was dressed in plain homespun, and his demeanor was simple, yet the drummer, a good student of human nature, discerned a certain air of self-satisfaction in the glimmer of the old man's eye, and the slight upward cock of his trowsled whiskers, and, always on the lookout for a good thing, he proceeded to adroitly make him feel at home, and draw him out. The old man sensing that he was in congenial company rewarded the drummer bountifully.

"I s'pose I don't look quite so slick as some of them city chaps," he began, "But, I reckon I put one over on two of 'em this summer on a little scheme— Be you from Boston?" He shut off, eyeing the drummer suspiciously.

The drummer hastened to assure the potato grower that his home was in Chelsea.

"Oh, I didn't know but you might be one o' them ere Boston sport fishermen, them's what they were. But, being's you ain't I'll go ahead an' tell you 'bout it."

The drummer told him by all means to do so, and that he would be delighted to listen.

"I s'pose of course you know Senator Tinkham of Saccarappa?" asked the soil tiller."

The commercial man had never heard of him, but he hastily said, "Sure, everybody knows the Senator."

This pleased the farmer and he proceeded.

"Senator Tinkham's son Harry'n me is great friends, when he's home from college he spends half his time over to my house, calls me Uncle Jed, 'n he'll do anything for me. When he's in college he sends me a lot o' readin' an' sech. Wal, this spring he sent me some sportin' papers an' I read in one of 'em that the real true sport fisherman didn't use anything but flies for bait, an' didn't ketch the trout to eat 'em, but jest for the hauling of 'em out, then they'd measure an' heft 'em, easy like, an' let 'em go again. Fust off I thought of all the Dum foolishness I ever heared of that was the wust, then all of a sudden I sot to thinkin', if

that was goin' to be the new style o' fishin' why, here's our state 'propriatin' fifty thousand dollars every legislatur' to keep them ponds an' streams up state full o' trout, an' us fellers down here in Cumberland county—where there ain't any—has to pay jest as much towards it as them up there what gets all the benefit. Now, if this was the style o' fishin', what was the need of it? Spendin' all this money. I've got a little pond on my farm in Saccarappa—never was anything in it but pouts an' pollywogs, but I reckoned it would do, so I arsked Harry if he couldn't fetch me down a couple o' live trout from the Rangeley—he always goes up there every spring. I told him I wanted to put 'em in my pond. He kind o' larfed an' said yes, he thought mebbe he could, an' by hokey he did. Two whoppers. I didn't 'spose there was any sech, harnsome, too, fire spots on their sides and bright red bellies an' gills. One weighed four and a half and turther five pounds. The hired man brought 'em over in a big can. Wal, I cooped 'em up in a barrel with plenty of holes in it an' sunk 'em in the pond until I'd made a couple o' pens, then I put one in each. I left 'em there for a day to get used to it. Next day I took my pole an' line. I got some flies out o' ma's fly ketcher. I had an awful tussle hookin' 'em on. Then I sunk down an'

dropped into one o' the boxes, but neither one of 'em would tech it. That night I told Harry 'bout it. I hadn't meant to say a word until I had it all perfected.

He larfed to split, "Why Uncle Jed," says 'e, "Them ain't the kind 'o flies you want." Then he give me some dinky hooks out of a red wallet. They had bunches o' red an' yaller feathers on 'em. I couldn't see what there was about them any trout 'd tech, but he said they was the thing. Then he 'splained to me how to swish 'em over the water on a slimpsy pole, said he'd show me when he come back in a couple weeks. Wal, next mornin' I cut a limber pole an' fixed one o' them feather contraptions on my line, pumosheeny bell he called it. Then I crep up and whisked it onto one o' the boxes. Gee Whillikens, that trout nigh scart the gallusses off me the way he lunged up an' grabbed them feathers. He must o' thought it was a hummin' bird. He thrashed 'roun' something awful, I jest held on an' tuckered him out. When he come up top I lifted him out. Got the hook out easy. Then I patted him an' told him he was a nice feller 'n not to get scart. Then I weighed 'im on ma's stillyards an' put 'im back. Then I went through the same circus with tother one. Wal, sir, before a couple o' weeks I had

them two trout eddicated up so'st they'd come right up an' hook on every time. An' say, do you know, the cusses liked it. Then I let 'em loose in the pond an' by Hokey they worked better there 'n they did in the boxes. There was a deep spring hole out near a big rock, an' they hung out there all the time. 'T want far from shore. Wal, when Harry come home, I asked him if he knew any o' them Rangeley sport fishermen, an' told him what I'd read. He looked kind o' queer at me an' says, "Uncle Jed what in thunder are you up to? I know it's somethin'. Let me in on it. You know I'm true blue. Mebbe I can help you." Then I up an' showed him the whole thing. Wal, sir, I swow. I never seen a man larf like he did. He laid down on the shore and howled. I didn't know but he had a fit. "By jing, Uncle Jed," says 'e when he could set up. "But you are a good one. Yes, sir. I do know some o' them very jackasses, an' it's true jest what you read about 'em. I'm goin' to Boston tomorrow to law school. I'll see 'em an' steer 'em down here. He said he'd give ten dollars to be there an' see the fun. Wal, two or three days later a couple o' fellers showed up in a livery kerrige from Portland. They said Mr. Tinkham told 'em I had a good trout pond an' arsked if I was willin' they should try it? I pretended to look

s'prised. I said Wal, mebbe there may be some trout in there. That I wa'nt no fisherman, but Harry was, and he'd likely know. They was more anxious 'n ever an' wanted to get right at it. They was the two fooliest lookin' critters ever I seen, dressed in the funniest britches, all corrugated like; come only to their knees, an'—" Here the old man broke off and indulged in a fit of laughter that attracted the notice of the whole car. "They was buttoned onto Gal stockin's." He finally guffawed out. "They had coats made o' yaller leather. Had on caps with two peaks, one in front an' tother behind, an' yaller shoes. Oh they was beaut's. My ol' rooster wanted to fight 'em. Then they had their fish poles done up in long yaller carpet bags made o' leather. They was in pieces an' j'inted together, an' didn't look as if they'd hold a shiner they was that limpsy. They had their lines on a patent wrirligig an' the same kind o' feather hooks Harry 'd give me. They made more to do primpin' an' gettin' ready than a gal dollin' up for a Sunday school picnic. We started down to the pond. They walked in kind o' teeters like they feared they'd bust their pants. I dunno how I managed to keep on a sober face. Ma was chokin' behind the pantry winder. Wal, it was rich when they seen the pond. They stood lookin' first

at each other then at the pond. I pertended to be busy gettin' the boat ready. "I'd like to know what we ever did to Tinkham," one of 'em says, "That he should play such a low down scaly trick as this on us. Why, this isn't anything but a muck hole. Yas, says tother feller, that's what it is. There ain't anything in here but bull lillies and snappin' turtles."

Mebbe it's better 'n it looks, I says. Won't do no harm to try it. Wal, he says, we'll try it, but this is the last place ever I should expect to find a trout in. They got in the boat an' I told 'em to try out near the big rock. They started off lookin' mighty sour. One rowin' an' tother settin' up straight as a sled stake. His arm movin' only at the elbow, swishin' his pole, the feathers slappin' the water farther and farther out, until I swan to cats he was sendin' 'em a hundred feet. I ducked into the bushes an' snuk around until I got opposite the rock, an' lay there. Putty soon he lit the hook square over the place where the trout was, an' Gee Whillikins, you should ha' seen what happened. They both come up together like as if dynamite had gone off under 'em. That cuss like to fell out o' the boat, an' tother one dropped the oars. He'd hooked the small one. I thought he'd run all over the pond. They righted them-

selves up in a minute, an' I never seen a prittier piece o' work than they did gettin' him up side the boat. But they finally ketched 'im in a net. Then I never saw two fellers act crazier. They shook han's, slapped each other on the back, an' I guess they must ha' been ailin' for they took some medicine out of a funny lookin' leather bottle. They made an awful fuss over the trout. Measured him, an' weighed him on a shiny little pocket stil-yards, an' then let 'im go. Tother feller took the rod then, an' in a minit he had the big one, an' when they got him in they was plum crazy sure, acted wuss 'n they did the fust time. I scrooched down an' stuffed grass in my mouth to keep from hollerin'. After they'd let the big one go, they sot an' looked at each other larfin'. "This is what I call a cinch," says one of 'em.

"Yas," says tother one. "If the ol' Jay only knew it he's got the best trout pond in Maine right here under Portland's nose."

"Sure he has," says the fust feller. "An' there ain't one of 'em weighs less than four pounds. We won't do a thing to this place. Oh, no. Now we won't let on 'bout this to the ol' hayseed—"No, nor anyone but jest our own push," broke in tother one. "Here we've been spendin' twice as much as it 'll cost to slip down here any Saturday night—

I don't think the ol' duffer's pious," an' that's the way they went on. If I hadn't been so tickled an' knowin' how I was havin' the best of 'em, I'd a been mad, but I jest lay an' choked myself, an' listened to 'em, until they got tired and started for the house. I cut up cross lots an' got there fust. When they come along I was fixin' a hen coop an' I looked up an' arsked 'em innocent like, "Wal, did ye ketch any?"

"Oh, yes," says one of 'em, "We got a strike or two. Guess 'taint much of a place for trout."

"Where be they," says I lookin' 'round.

"Oh," says 'e, stiffenin' up, "We don't ketch fish to kill 'em an' eat 'em. It's only plug fishermen that does that. We fish for the sport—the science you know. Why we let two go that weighed—Here the tother feller nudged 'im, he was givin' himself away. "Wal, I'm glad you ketched some," says I, an' I'll put in the Boston papers now an'—"Oh, no, no, don't do that," they both yelled to once, an' they offered me twenty dollars cash down if I'd 'gree not to tell anybody, an' give 'em the use of the pond to themselves. Said they'd be there or some o' their friends 'bout all the time, an' pay me two dollars a day each for board besides. Wal, sir, they kept their word. I've made more money this summer 'n I've made sellin' garden sass

in Saccarappa for ten years, an' now I'm going up to Boston to see the subway an' the elevated road, an' get ma a new dress. Every little while I'd 'pear to get uneasy like, an' talk about puttin' it in the papers, an' they kep' raisin' me, until I was gettin' fifty dollars a week off them two trout an' I was givin' a dozen fellers all the fisin' they wanted." Here Uncle Jed paused to let out another series of guffaws, and the drummer joined him.

"Nex' summer I'm goin' to eddercate a couple new trout in case these get wore out. If the State had'nt been soakin' me in taxes all these years I'd let 'em in on it, an' see what I'd save 'em. Mebbe I'd get a monerment put up to me in Saccarappa. A few trout would do the whole thing. Any one could have a trout pond right in his back yard, an'— Here the train rolled into Portsmouth, and the grip lugger had to bid the honest husbandman adieu. But not until he had cautioned him as to the wiles of Boston, for he realized that the pine tree State would lose one of its most brilliant luminaries if anything should happen to Uncle Jed,

THE SYMPHONY O' SPRING

I can lay no claim o' chattin'
In Italian, Greek an' Latin,
Nor to understand the hifalutin
Op'ry things they sing,
But, there's talk an' music knowledge
Not in opery or college,
An' I'm knowin' what they're meanin'.
In the symphony o' spring.

I can hear a Stabat Mater,
By the mighty choir o' Natur'
I can hear the diff'rent choruses
The wilderness can ring,
And, when the trail I'm wendin',
An' a thousand tongues are rend'ing,
I'm a knowin' what they're meanin'
In the symphony o' spring.

Prob'ly I'm an ignoramus,
An' I lack a lot that's famous,
But, when I'm in the chapels
Where the Natur' voices ring,
Mebbe I'm the one enthusin',
When the tother chap's a losin'
A heap o' understandin'
In the symphony o' spring.

THE LEVELLING PLANE OF THE GRAVE

I walked in a great wide city,
In the rush of its living throng,
There was wealth and poverty's pity,
Their own ways surging along,
One, rolling the highways of splendor,
One plodding the alley's foul pave,
The pomp and show, the want and the low
To the levelling plane of the grave.

I walked in a city of slumber,
On its winding paths alone,
Its hosts just as mighty in number,
Lay deep beneath markings of stone,
Some, were tall columns of grandeur,
Some just a mound and a stave,
Yet, beneath each lay, the self same clay,
On the levelling plane of the grave.

And I thought, ah, the spirit of mortal,
And of Him, in the manger born,
And, when at Eternity's portal,
What then of the pride and scorn?
Will he, who stooped at the wayside
The brow of the leper to lave,
See but a soul, at the call of the roll,
At the levelling plane of the grave.

WHEN THE SPECKLED TROUT ARE BITING

There's a keenness in the yearning,
There's an ardor in the dreams,
Of the days we'll be returning
To the winding of the streams,
To the favored haunts inviting,
Where the speckled beauties shy,
Will be ready for the biting
At the angleworm and fly.

Then the happy day is breaking
As the winds begin to croon,
And the heron is awaking
At the calling of the loon
And the partridge in the cover
Is beating out the roll
To the piping quail and plover
On the meadow and the knoll.

There's the woodpecker tapping
On the gnarling of the snag,
And the night hawk is napping
On the shelving of the crag,
While the hermit thrush is trilling
In the shadow of the dell,
And the woodcock is drilling
In the loaming of the fell.

Then our voices we'll be blending
With the merry roundelay,
As our gladdened feet are wending
To the music of the spray,
So, with joy our hearts are lighting,
As the days are drawing nigh,
When the speckled trout are biting,
At the angleworm and fly.

THE WHETTING OF THE SCYTHER

From o'er the heath there comes a breath
That sets my memory straying,
To the morning chimes of the olden times,
In the good old fashioned haying,
The curling snath, the rolling swath,
The mower strong and lithe
And the cheery music of the stone
In the whetting of the scythe.

Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank,
In rhythmic accents ringing,
Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank,
No sweeter strain is clinging,
Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank,
The mower strong and lithe,
Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank
The whetting of the scythe.

Progression's sway has hushed the lay
So fraught with hallowed yearning,
That sacred charm of the dear old farm
To which there's no returning,
The ruthless arts from saddened hearts
Have wrung no sterner tithe
Than the cheery music of the stone
In the whetting of the scythe.

Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank,
The dewy meadows bending,

Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank,
The song bird's voices blending,
Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank,
 What deep emotions writhe,
Kalink-kalenk, Kalink-kalank,
 The whetting of the scythe.

*TO REBECCA R. PIERCE

Sweet singer, Time has stilled
The tunings of thy Lyre,
No more its peans of soul uplift
Shall e'er be rung,
But, songs thy guiding Muse
Inspired before, to lift us higher
Yet live, yet dwell in heart,
Can fall from tongue.

*Rebecca R. Pierce, of Orrington, Maine.

AUGUST

Some say that thou art dull and sere,
And useless are thy days,
I say them nay, of all the year
No month wins greater praise,
'Tis thy ripe breath that gilds the grain,
That paints the tint and flush,
On all the gain of hill and plain
And rounds the apple's blush.

Thy misty shade and tempered shine
Fulfills the bond of May,
That sent forth shoot of spear and vine
That harvest time should pay,
So too thy days of round and ripe
Foretell the coming soon
Of plover's pipe, of duck and snipe
On heather and lagoon.

Avast the dolts that cry thee down,
Thy days of growth and gold,
Their partings mar not thy renown,
Thy mission multifold,
So August, Hail, long be the spell
Thy wand wafts o'er the land,
The harvest well, the tale shall tell,
The blessings of thy hand.

THE BLOOM OF OUR OWN APPLE TREE

There's the rose of the Florentine bowers,
And the famed cherry bloom of Japan,
And the wonderful tales of the flowers
Off in China, far Malay, Hindoostan,
But, in May time, in legions of glory,
Our homeland's full blown apple tree,
In a rare tinted, sweet scented story,
Surpassing all others to me.

THE TRIUMPH OF HIRAM PERKINS

HIRAM PERKINS is a tiller of the soil. His little domain is snugly tucked in amid the hills of Washington County, Maine. It consists of a round three hundred acres of land, equitably divided into tillage, pasture and woodland, each portion bounded by stout fences, or trim stone walls. His citadel consists of a two story house and ell. A commodious main barn, two or three smaller ones, and numerous other outbuildings for the storage of grain, all kinds of vehicles, farm machinery and tools. These are all trim, well painted and "kept up."

As a farmer, Hiram is not of the ordinary kind. He differs considerably from the common run. He conducts what is really a large farm business, and yet, in the carrying on of this great amount of work, no other human hands than his own assists in it, with the one exception of possibly an "extra hand" or two in haying time.

Hiram is a strategist and an inventor. He believes that the winds and the waters, and certain beasts were made and given for the use of man, and that man has been endowed by the Creator

with brains to show him how to work it out to apply these things to his service.

If Hiram had displayed half as much ingenuity in any other walk of life he would have had volumes written about him, his face would have been familiar, and his name a byword throughout the land. But, being as he is but a plowman, and he has used this talent to lighten up the burdens of his calling—and his own in particular—he is regarded by his fellows as “cracked,” or plum crazy altogether, and many firmly believe him to be “possessed.” But, none of these things worry Hiram. He cheerfully pursues the tenor of his bent, and enjoys his reward.

To be sure, his neighbors have the common compliment of farm machinery. But, they are dearly bought with hard round dollars, and they do not cover the whole field, for Hiram has some sort of a Dingus—of his own devising and manufacture—to do about everything connected with his farm duties. They are crude and rough perhaps—roundly derided and laughed at by his fellows—but they do the trick just the same, while the jeerers delve it out of their bone and muscle. And the satisfaction in the knowledge of this to Hiram, supersedes all sting of banter and ridicule. A good size brook runs close by his build-

ings, on this he has built a dam and a rough waterwheel which furnishes good power in a roomy shop, here he does no end of things. Builds all his inventions and fashions his tools and appliances, besides, he saws his fire wood and lumber, churns his butter, turns his grindstone and makes his cider. He has a forge where he shoes his own horses and sled runners. He sets his own tires and hammers out every needed thing. On the roof of his main barn he has erected a wind wheel, this pumps water for his house and cattle, runs his threshing machine and corn sheller, and cut the fodder.

Wherever he goes about town he always picks up all the old odds and ends of discarded machinery, abandoned vehicles, scraps of old iron or coils of wire, everything of this kind is grist to his mill, and furnishes him with much valuable material to pursue his work with.

No crows, woodchucks or other crop destroying creature ever tarries long on his premises. Tramps give his place a wide steer in fear of traps and spring guns, reputation of which have travelled far, even his neighbors when occasion arises that they must enter upon his domain, always travel in prescribed paths. Such was Hiram in the glory of his ingenuity and surroundings, and the en-

joyment of the fruits thereof.

But, in all this, as there always is, there was the one blight, the one galling sore spot in his triumphant career, and it rankled deep. Hiram's pasture—a small township of itself, lies half a mile distant from his barn. It is reached by a narrow lane leading directly from the barnyard. In a remote corner of it there is the worst "hagus hole" of a swamp that defiles the fair face of the earth. It is a net work of pools knee deep in black muck and slimy green ooze. These slough holes lie between little knolls of hard land densely grown with small trees and shrub, closely interwoven with thorned vines and briars. The pools are full of snakes, sickly colored lizards and snapping turtles. Great cobwebs hang on the shrub populated by frightful striped spiders. It is a most horrible place. The atmosphere sickly and ill smelling. Hiram positively feared and detested it, and would have gladly never entered it. But, it was quite a different matter with his cattle. To them it seemed to be a sort of charmed haven, an evening sanctuary into which they retired promptly every night at milking time, to ruminate and possibly rend up worship to the Bovine God, and once in there nothing but the close proximity of Hiram's number ten boot, or the sound thwack of a bean

pole on their backs would route them. It was bad enough after a hard day's work to take the long tramp to the pasture—say nothing about the swamp— But, to be obliged to butt into this infernal place—especially if it was raining, and every tree and bush letting down a barrel of water on his defenceless head—was worse, and it was this exasperating situation, and baffling problem that was the one great bane in Hiram's otherwise happy and overcoming career. He had devoted many sleepless nights studying it from every angle, and he could think of no device or scheme that would help him. He had heart to heart talks with the cattle, used many tubs of fat potato peelings, and savory turnip tops and green corn husks. These the cattle devoured greedily, but continued faithful to the swamp. He had tried various dogs. This worked well at first in some instances, and seemed fair to solve the problem. But sooner or later the cattle either bribed the canines, or the dogs got tired of the job and struck, and there he was worse off than ever. Hiram wanted to, and meant to be an exemplary church member. He attended regularly, and was very liberal in the matter of the contribution box. But, on several occasions when in pursuit of his cattle in the swamp he had been heard to use language

that church members are not supposed to even think of. He had been taken to task about it. But, on the last occasion under particularly trying circumstances he happened to be overheard by Deacon Tucker, who was passing near by. The good man was terribly shocked, and on Saturday night up at the store at the corner, and before a lot of the neighbors, he took Hiram severely to task, and threatened to "church" him. Now, if he had talked to Hiram alone it would have been different, but as it was the worm turned, and it ended by Hiram telling the Deacon to go ahead and do his worst, and that he would keep away from the church anyway. The Deacon was then fearful that he had gone too far. He was also mindful of Hiram's being halter broke to the contribution box, and he sought then to placate him. He did this by trying to turn it off as a joke, and work in a little good natured banter for the edification of the crowd, and here is where he made his mistake again. Hiram was only all the madder. At last the Deacon said, "Now look a here Hiram, why don't you just go to work and invent a machine to fetch your critters home nights? You've got some kind of a patent doodad to do everything else, an' I b'lieve you can do this. Say, I'll tell you what I'll do, you go ahead and get up a

m'sheen that 'll do it, an' I'll give you the pick o' my drove o' shoats." Now, this was no mean stump from the Deacon, for he had a state wide reputation as a producer of fine pork. He never missed the blue ribbons at the county fair, but it drew forth a roar of laughter and guffaws from the crowd, and Hiram took his mail and his purchases and angrily flung out of the store. Many a thing of that kind said in jest has proved to be a boomerang, and Hiram snapped his teeth shut and thought hard. A few days later he went over to a town where the railroad had recently been put in operation, it had constantly been a source of interest to Hiram, and he was down around the depot snooping around as usual to see what he could find that might be useful. For the first time he noticed the agent cross the tracks and pull over an iron lever adjusted on a small platform. Instantly his curiosity was aroused.

"What does that do?" He inquired.

"That? Oh, that throws up the semaphore," replied the agent.

"The semaphore. What might that be?" Said the potato grower.

"Why, the signal, to show that the track is clear at the station here."

"Where is it?" said Hiram, looking up and all

around. "I don't see any signal."

"Oh, it's down the track there, 'bout half a mile," said the agent pointing to a white pole in the dim distance.

"An' do you mean to say that you can work any signal way down there, from up here, by just pullin' on that 'ere crowbar?" said the astonished agriculturist.

"Why, certainly, keep your eye on it." The agent manipulated the lever.

"Wal, I'll be teetotally hornswoggled," said Hiram, as he saw the red arm of the semaphore fall and rise again. "Say, do you mind if I look this thing over a little?"

"Not in the least," said the railroad man. "But look out for the train, it is coming soon."

"Oh, I'll 'gree not to tech your train," said Hiram.

First, he carefully looked over the mechanism of the platform and lever. Then he slowly followed the wire and its fixtures down to the semaphore post, and this he examined critically and at leisure. When he came back there was a peculiar gleam in his eye.

For the next few days there were sounds of unusual activity in Hiram's work shop. Then he began some extraordinary operations. Out by the

barnyard bars he built a low rough platform about four feet square, and on this he adjusted an old mowing machine lever with its ratchet, after the style of the fixture at the railroad station, then from this he proceeded to run a line of old telegraph wire through odd pulley wheels attached to the fence posts along the lane. When he reached the pasture he utilized half a dozen lone trees scattered conveniently across the pasture to the swamp. Next he carted a load or two of old lumber and scantlings to the edge of the swamp, and by degrees tugged it through to a knoll of hard land about in the center. Then he erected what appeared to be a half grown band stand. It was some ten feet high. On this he set up a stout pole as much higher. Around this he constructed a folding lattice work frame which when fully extended would reach to the top of the pole, but when it was closed it would squat down close to the floor of the platform. The lattice frame he draped with a gown of black bunting, long enough to reach the whole height. He surmounted the whole with a head made of an old bushel basket covered with the same black bunting, and on it he painted a horrible Jack o lantern face, in red and white, with great terrifying eyes and huge grinning teeth. The whole figure when completed

and raised to its full height presented a giant bogie, a horrible monster, fearful to see. With a fiendish sardonic half grin on his countenance he toiled, and with an astonishing lack of sound, While the innocent and trusting bovines grazed heartily on the luscious grasses near by the swamp, totally unconscious of the evil designs going on against them. But, this was not all, Satan must have been close to his elbow. He adjusted two finger-like pieces of rubber so that they would when the figure rose, draw along a stout well-resined cord attached to an old wash boiler at the bottom, which would cause the most unearthly groans and strains to vibrate from it. Still more he affixed long outstanding arms to the effigy. These were of withy hickory so they would wave up and down, and on these he hung old tea kettles and stew pans so they would jangle against old dippers and coffee pots, when the figure should be jerked suddenly upward.

A more fiendish diabolical contrivance never was conceived of. It is a wonder that Satan did not pre-empt Hiram's services then and there. At last the thing was completed to his satisfaction. Levers and wires all working perfectly, and connected with the main wire from the barnyard. Then the great inventor gathered up his tools and

just as quietly departed the dismal solitude settling once more over the fastness of the swamp like a funeral pall.

The next day was the longest that Hiram had ever lived. The hours dragged by like so many days. He endured the crawling time with all the impatience and eagerness of a boy for circus day. His excitement increased as nightfall drew near. True to their purpose and their part in it, the cattle promptly entered the sacred precincts of the swamp at the usual hour.

At last the great moment arrived, and with rapidly beating heart Hiram approached the platform of the lever. He fully realized that the most important moment of his inventive career was at hand. That meant either his crowning triumph in a blaze of satisfaction and glory, or a most dismal failure. Either emancipation from the terrors of the swamp, and the weary tramp to and fro, or the doom of it for all time thereafter. He trembled in the tensivity of the situation. He cast swift furtive glances about him and the premises, then he forced his hand to reach forth and grasp the lever. He hesitated, then he drew in a long breath, shut his eyes and gave it a long pull clear over. A huge sigh like a steam exhaust gave vent to the pent up excitement within him. He bravely

took a firmer grasp and pulled the lever over again. The die was cast. Now Hiram would have given much to have that moment been at the swamp end of his invention. But the devil is said to be good to his own. Be that as it may, it proved that fate had so willed it that he was to be favored with a graphic account of just what took place there, and from a source that would please him most next to a personal witnessing. It so happened that Deacon Tucker and a delegation of the neighbors had been to a distant wood lot to appraise the standing timber. They were late, and took the hazard of short cutting across Hiram's pasture. They were passing along the ridge bordering the swamp. They were in close single file, the Deacon ahead. They were silent, watchful and suspicious. It was a beautiful nightfall. The sun sinking down behind the distant wooded hills in a blaze of golden glory.

The birds were in the tree tops with uplifted heads warbling forth their evening songs of praise. There was a sanctified calm resting over the swamp, and a devout hush prevailed elsewhere about the pasture. Truly it was the time and the responsive occasion for pious thought and reflection, and the Deacon's mind was in keeping with the solemnity of it all. Suddenly there burst upon

them a rude shock. As one man they halted, as if suddenly froze in their tracks and stared at the swamp. The cause of this was a most unearthly wail, screech and long drawn howl, blended together. Then came a clang as might be a chivararee in Hades, or pandemonium breaking loose altogether. Then to the terrified Deacon and his followers there appeared rising up over the tree tops the great black figure of Old Nick himself. His giant body swaying. His green and white eyes leering horribly. His awful red mouth grinning, while his long arms waved up and down as if beckoning ominously. It was a fearful spectacle. They would have died in their tracks if something else had not then diverted their attention. This was a sudden wild thrashing of brush. A mighty soughing and thudding of muck, and splashing of water in the swamp jungle. It thundered nearer the tops of the small trees violently swaying showed that whatever it was it was coming in their direction. Their knees were sagging and they had given up all hope in the belief that Old Nick and his hosts were surely coming for them. When as if shot from a catapult, out of the fringing bushes of the swamp came a score of cattle of assorted sizes, spattered and streaming with water, and great clots of black muck cover-

ing their sides and faces. Frantically they struggled up the side of the ridge. On finally reaching its summit they wheeled as one and glared back at the swamp, staring at it with bulging eyes, puffing and snorting. Nothing at that moment was in sight, and barring the heavy labor of their breaths, all was silent.

But, an instant later again belched forth the diabolical howls. Again the accompaniment of the tinware, and once more appeared the figure of the chief engineer of Hades. The cattle waited for no more. With heads down and tails in the air, roaring and bellowing in an agony of terror, they stampeded for the safest haven they knew of—Hiram's barnyard. The neighbors, in the matter of leaving the place followed the example of the cattle, while the Deacon retired behind a stump to pray, too scared to run. About where the connection of the Deacon's party was broken, Hiram himself was able to take it up. He first descried a mighty disturbance and swaying of the brush and low trees on the distant pasture side as if a small cyclone was cavorting across there. Then he made out what appeared to be a cavalry charge advancing rapidly toward the head of the lane. Clouds of dust, and clods of turf, leaves and small sticks filled the air above it, and soon the thunder

and pounding of hoof falls became audible. With a souging and puffing like a string of freight locomotives working up grade, the fastest runner was in the lead, and they strung out accordingly. But the bunch was well together at that. Hiram had mounted the wall and hat in hand stood shouting them on, his watch in his hand. It was exactly 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$, from the second pull of the lever until the first bovine leaped the barnyard bars. Hiram considered this fair time for the first heat.

About eight o'clock that evening the great inventor was sitting out on his front porch, the labors of the day completed. He sat tipped back in his favorite chair against the wall of the house. There was a set smile of self-contentment on his face, and of a truth he was at peace so far as he knew with all the world. It was while sitting thus that he was much surprised to see a large posse of his neighbors silently filing into his dooryard. They halted at a respectful distance. But one of them who proved to be Deacon Tucker advanced a few paces nearer. Hiram bid him good evening, and then asked them collectively to come in. They declined this by ignoring the invitation. The Deacon acted as spokesman, by asking Hiram if he had been up in the vicinity of his pasture swamp lately.

"Why, Eh—Yes, I was up there today. Why, what's the matter up there?" said Hiram.

Then the Deacon proceeded to forcibly narrate the remarkable experience himself and his fellows had encountered there that evening, leaving out no detail of its effect on either themselves or the cattle.

With desperate effort Hiram made out to hold in and listen until the Deacon had got through. But the moment he had finished he simply slipped off his chair onto the floor. There he rolled and writhed and slapped his sides for full two minutes, uttering sounds that were really laughter, but sounding more like the howls of some one in mortal distress, and all this to the extreme indignation of the Deacon and his body guard.

When Hiram had finally given vent to the first eruption of his feelings and had regained sufficient composure to sit up, he wailed out: "An' so you thought that was the old Boy comin' after you did you? Oh, no Deacon that wa'n't it, not yet, that was only just the first tryout o' that ere patent cattle fetcher you stumped me to invent, an' I guess by your tell here you ain' got any doubt but what it worked have you?"

Here Hiram had another spasm worst than the first.

The Deacon had uttered no word. He stood for the while speechless, then he wheeled, and by common impulse he and his followers left the dooryard. They had got a few rods down the street when Hiram yelled after them.

"Here! Hold on a minit Deacon."

They all stopped.

"What about that shote? Most o' them fellers were an ear witness to that transaction, you know."

"Oh, you can come up an' get him," snarled the Deacon, and Hiram certainly did. He never had to go after the cattle again. Any time of day that he wanted them, and no matter what part of the pasture they might happen to be in, all he had to do was to pull the lever.

The cattle did the rest.

THE FULL SUMMER TIME

When Nature heaps the measure,
Of the sunny hours of pleasure,
And everything is voicing
In a grand sweet rhyme.
When the dreamy hazes shimmer
On the ridges growing dimmer,
And the faithful are rejoicing,
In the full summer time.

When the green is glowing fairest,
And the forest shade is rarest,
And the waters all are brimming
In their charms sublime,
When the flowers are the sweetest,
And the swallows are the fleetest,
O'er the grassy billows skimming,
In the full summer time.

THE SOOTHSAY OF THE WILD

Go out, afar, to the living hills,
At the break of a June bred dawn,
There are potions there for a heart's dull ills,
And a balm for the sigh and yawn.
They are brewed by a master healer's craft,
And a Master hand will lay,
And the drone will waft, and the ills go aft,
And the heart weight lift away.

Go out, afar, to the pine fringed stream,
When the sun first slants the steep,
There are wondrous tints that glint and gleam
As the trout in crescents leap,
There are wood folk there that are good to know,
And the cheer they'll hail to you
Makes pale cheeks glow, and red blood flow,
And the heart once more beat true.

Go out, afar, to the lake's pearl glow,
In the morning's mirrored calm,
When the hill domes show as deep below
And the isles reflect their charm,
There are paintings there by a master brush
And the sculpt of a master steel,
And emotions rush in the sacred hush,
That soothe, uplift and heal.

HE THAT HATH EYES, LET HIM SEE

My Brother, do not grieve your lot,
In this bright world of ours,
But, go out, where, in the sun and air
You can see the green and flowers,
From tree and sky, and bloom e'er by
No eye shall find a bar,
And the walk of a mile, in a charm filled while
Is better than coach or car.

My Brother, do not crave of gold,
Earth's greater joys are free,
Your eyes have wings, as swift as king's
As great delights can see,
So take a stroll, and light your soul,
Its windows opened wide,
And seemed hard plight, will shine out bright
In ways unthought, untried.

THE PARADOX OF LIFE

There's a paradox, born of life's inning,
Man blindly sets out on its path,
And, ever, from first step's beginning,
There lurks a grim wraith with his snath,
And the years may be long of his missing,
Or the mower may reap at first breath,
So from moment of Mother's first kissing,
Is man under sentence of death.

Were this of a Judge's imposing,
Then would he set the day and the date,
But life knows not here, of its closing,
It hangs on the fancy of fate,
"In a twinkling—the Son of man cometh,"
The scriptural verdict, so saith,
So, thus, from the start as it summeth,
Life, is a sentence of death.

But, as death is the crown of Paul's story,
As the "grain quickens not, lest it die,
Sown dishonored, is raised up in glory,
First of earth, then of image on high,"
Then, is life, as of grain that God soweth,
And to die, is the goal of the strife,
Then, 'tis here, that the paradox showeth,
Death, is a sentence of life.

THE PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY

"As ye soweth, so also shall ye reap."

Oh, she can boast, of a mighty host,
The tillers of her soil,
And all engage at a royal wage
For honest, faithful toil,
But he who'll shirk the good dame's work
Or steal his time away
Will meet his sin in a lacking bin
When he comes to reap his pay.

She sets no eye to watch or pry,
Each worker has his will,
To plow or sow and speed the hoe,
Or ramble dale and hill,
But every hour of sun and shower
He pilfers by the way
Is a sheaf of grain the less to gain
When he comes to reap his pay.

It's only seeds of useless weeds
That grow themselves and fare,
The fruits that fill the board and till,
Need constant guard and care.
So thus their dues her subjects choose,
What store on harvest day,
The nub of shift or the prize of thrift,
When he comes to reap his pay.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

There is a mighty power, brother,
In a firm-grasped hand,
When it's given to another,
Breasting life's rough strand.
It oft' may mean reviving
Of a hope-lost soul,
A new and better striving
And a gained high goal.

The investment's but a trifle,
But the dividends are great,
In the heart aches it may stifle,
The resolves it may create.
So, a handshake sometimes given
May mean much more than we think,
Where a manhood may be riven
It may weld the broken link.

Of great orders, there are many
Of fraternity and clan,
But the grandest band of any
Is the Brotherhood of Man.
Lift Humanity,—Its mission;
Its field is all creation's land;
And the grip of recogniton
Is a firm-grasped hand.

*Written for the celebrated "Page Class for Men" of the
Dudley St. Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

OCTOBER

Now, the ripe October days,
The parting of the verdant ways,
 To scenes of painted glory.
And blending with the ruddy leaves,
The golden fields, where bending sheaves,
 Fulfilled the Summer's story.

The bee, yet wings a shortened round,
Where late the golden rod is found,
 The frost has missed in falling,
And now and then across the sky,
A lone bird flits with pleading cry,
 His migrate fellows calling.

At sunrise, from the splendid hills,
A magic breath invites, instills,
 A charm to nature's lovers,
To come and drink the soulful mood,
That Autumn spells within the wood,
 Ere Winter's mantle covers.

THE AVIATION OF CUPID

IT was just after the main rush of the supper hour. The assembly in the brilliant lobby of the Touraine were gathered in small groups, animatedly talking. One exception might have been noted. Alone and just outside the main swirl, a young man stood quietly enjoying the scene.

He was about twenty-eight years of age. A striking figure of prime young manhood. He was six feet tall, great limbed and shouldered, of smooth clean cut face, and in the flash of his clear blue eyes there was the keen relish of active young life, and self-satisfaction due to his age. He might have been the least important person in the great gathering, yet, it was his name that was on every tongue. It had been cried out wildly all the evening by the newsboys on the streets, and it was his face, life size, that adorned the front pages of the papers, one of which he held in his hand. He was Jack Oxley, the sun burst aviator, hero and winner of cross continental flight and other lesser events, and he had that day thrilled the multitudes on the field at Squantum. It had been the last day of the first great meet, when aviation had come

upon the world in its first great burst of triumph. Oxley was no seeker of demonstrative notoriety. Aviation he took as a matter of every day course. To him man flight was simply one more triumph of the all conquering human mind over seemingly impossible problems. He considered it won by no one man, but by equal credit to all, living, or gone to pay the fearful toll.

It was to his biplane that as regards his own achievements, he gave the most credit. It was of his own construction, the main ideas were borrowed of course, but, certain added features of his own were, he believed, responsible for the great work he had been able to perform. He had registered quietly, only that evening at the Touraine, and he was thoroughly enjoying his fancied incognito, in the hope of a quiet evening in his own way, therefore he was a little surprised when a bell boy stepped up to him and said with all assurance, "A message for you, sir." He thought it must be a mistake, but he took from the hand of the page an envelope of smartest quality linen paper, and on it read, "Mr. Oxley." A little annoyed he tore it open, and on the scented missive within he read:

"Will Mr. Oxley please come at once to the

residence of Jonas Q. Walson in Brookline. Very urgent. Mr. Walson's car in waiting.

"MRS. HUDSON VAN RENSAELLER."

He stood for a moment staring at the note in deepest wonderment. The lady he had never heard of. But Jonas Q. Walson's name was known on four continents, and it never appeared in print in less than inch type. Now, what could he want with him? That was so urgent, too. It puzzled him. He had never met Walson, evidently it was not to attend a pink tea, or a reception. Anything connected with Walson's name meant action, and lots of it. The thing savored of adventure,—which Oxley rather liked,—and it was past theatre hours, and there was nothing special on his hands, he resolved to see it out. He hurried to his room and made ready. As he emerged from the revolving doors a footman in the livery of the very well to do, approached him and said, "Mr. Oxley!"

He bowed acknowledgment and was ushered into the boudoir-like interior of a splendid limousine motor car. A few minutes later he stepped out in the port cochere of a palatial residence. A richly attired butler met him, ushered him into a grand reception hall, and assisted him to lay aside

his things, and a moment later announced him at the portal of a magnificent drawing room.

Two ladies sitting there rose at his appearance. They smiled and expressed their greeting. The elder of the two was tall and queenly of bearing and stature, and might have been a grand dutchess in the European court. The other was the most strikingly beautiful girl he had ever seen, of medium height, her arms and supple form full round as an apple. She stood in perfect poise. Her perfectly modeled shoulders and neck supported the head of a Greek Goddess, crowned with a wealth of shimmering brown hair. But, her most striking charm was her glorious wonderful eyes, that looked straight at him. Eyes as large as those of a startled fawn, and brilliantly brown. They spoke of self-possession, frankness. The highest order of training, determination of purpose, animation and surplus energy fairly radiated from her. She was a splendid girl, such as he had dreamed of in his ideal of a perfect young woman, and in his admiration of her he completely forgot for the moment the curiosity and perplexity at his strange summons. He saw at once that both ladies were under tense agitation. There was smothered distress in the smile and manner of welcome the girl directed toward him. Her shapely

hand clasped and unclasped nervously around a slip of yellow paper that appeared to be a telegram. Her white even teeth bit fitfully over her ripe under lip.

The elder woman was the first to speak. "Mr. Oxley," she said, "I hardly know what to say in apology for thus intruding upon you, but we are in great distress. I am Mrs. Van Rensaeller. This is my niece, Miss Vera Walson, my brother's—Mr. Walson's daughter. He is—We,—she paused, seemingly unable to continue, casting an appealing glance at her niece.

"I assure you ladies, I am at your service. Anything that I can do I will be glad to know of," said Oxley. Still he stared blankly at them, battling with his puzzled thoughts. What had all this to do with him? How was it possible that he could assist them? He turned his eyes toward the young woman questioningly.

"Oh, Mr. Oxley," the girl said. "We are, as my aunt says, in great distress. My father—but, first, perhaps I had better ask you to kindly read this." She handed him the telegram. He took it and read:

"CAMP VERA, CHESUNCOOK LAKE, MAINE,
September 15th, 1909.
Mrs. Hudson Van Rensaeller. The Chestnuts,

Brookline, Mass. Send Vera with the cordial by special train at once.

JONAS Q. WALSON."

Still he was in the dark. What had all this to do with him? He saw that they were really in great distress, and that it was a serious situation, but, why, surrounded as they were with all means, and provided with efficient servants, had they sent for him? Again he looked at them questioningly.

"Oh, Mr. Oxley," she cried. "Can't you—don't you see? My father is very dangerously ill at our camp on Chesuncook Lake, Maine. He has had these attacks before. They are very serious. Nothing but this will relieve him." She held up a small phial. "The doctor told him never to be without it. Either he thought he had some at the camp, or he forgot to take some with him. But it is two years since he has had an attack before, and I suppose he had almost forgotten about them. Now he must have this relief, in a very short time, or it will be too late. That is why we have sent for you. You are the only one on earth that can save my father's life. Oh you will fly to him with me tonight, won't you?"

Oxley was completely bowled off his feet. Too dumbfounded for the moment to speak. The mon-

strosity of her proposal staggered him, and, shade of Elijah, she had asked it as easily as if it had been to row her across the Charles in a boat. Maine he knew of only as a vast wilderness. A tangle of forest, lake and stream. The last place in the world to think of flying into, even in daylight, and alone. But it was all clear enough now. But such a solution had not even entered his mind. She stood drawn up at full height. Flushed, looking straight at him with trusting, pleading suffering eyes. His heart stabbed and bled for her. "Fly with her." Gad, he would have flown with her to the moon, and it seemed no more extravagant than what she had asked, but she could not know. In her great extremity she had grasped at what looked to her as an open possibility to most speedily relieve her father.

And what a faith she had in him, and how he hated to shatter it. All the triumphs of the past melted to insignificance now beside the glory this would be, could he accomplish this task she had asked of him. But he meant to stand by her and help her in some way.

"Miss Walson," he said. "Believe me I am deeply sorry for you. Anything in my power is at your command. But—of course—you do not understand. This is not the right way. What you

ask is impossible. Flying by night has not been attempted yet, only under the most restricted conditions. Certainly it should not be undertaken into a place like Maine, and with a young lady passenger. It would be a crime on my part to think of such a thing. What we must do is to arrange for the special train at once, as your father says.

"Mr. Oxley," she broke in. "I thank you. I knew you would help me, and I know all that you have said is true, but you too do not understand the real situation. Let me make it clearer." She unrolled a map of Maine on the table. She motioned him to stop beside her. He did so and stood trembling in the electric radiance of her close warm presence. "There she said," pointing with a pencil to a small speck far up on the map, where the lakes and rivers look like a riot of blotches and scratches of ink, that is Kineo, the end of the railroad. It is three hundred miles from here, over two divisions. It will take an hour at least to get a special and get under way, and if we could maintain a speed of fifty miles an hour it would take six hours to reach Kineo. But, that is only the easiest part of the journey. From Kineo you must travel twenty miles up the lake in a boat to northeast carry. The best

the boat can do is fifteen miles an hour. Now you must get over the carry, a rough tote road, by foot, or team. It takes an hour. Then you must paddle down the Penobscot, here in a canoe, to the head of Chesuncook,—there, it is twenty miles. There are rips and falls to carry around. Then, it is still five miles down the lake to the camp, five hours would be good time getting from Kineo to the camp, a total of twelve hours. And that is with everything favorable. But that would not happen, I know. I have been over the route so many times. Everything happens. There will be stops on the railroad. Changing engines. Something breaks down. Fifteen hours would be nearer the real time it would take, and that would be doing well. That is too long. But with your biplane we can do it in six hours. If we get away at midnight we would be there at six in the morning. I estimate it at about three hundred miles as we should go. That would be sixty miles an hour. Your plane has made seventy. Your record for continuous flight is four hundred and twenty miles alone, and three hundred and sixty with a passenger. Your duration record is seven hours."

She recited this in breathless rapidity. It was

an astonishing calculation, worthy of a railroad expert, and, gad, how pat she had his records, and how proudly she had enumerated them. Admiration and pride were in her words and her eyes. Now he had closely followed her, noting every detail, as she had traced and explained on the map. But aside from this he swiftly noted the comparatively clean cut New England coast line from Boston up to the great river that has its start from Moosehead Lake, and the trend of the lake almost up to the river that runs into Chesuncook, and a great resolve, a great hope had welled within him. He believed he saw his way to help her and get this aid to her father. It was a wonderfully clear night, with the moon at its full. Its great light on the ocean would make it easy at the altitude he would travel to follow the coast line up to the Kennebec, by calculation of the distances given to the big coast cities of Portsmouth and Portland, and the speed of his plane he would know when he had reached those cities which would be easily marked by their lights. The Kennebec would be the first big river beyond Portland. Once on that it would be easy to follow it up to the lake. By that time it should be daylight, and the rest just as easy. On Chesuncook it would be easy to distinguish the far out reaching point

on the eastern side, on which the camp was situated. All this he had figured out in a flash. Hope ran high. His heart swelled into his throat. He would take the chance. It might be insane, wild in conception. He might fail, and then he might win. These thoughts flashed through his mind like a cyclone.

Both ladies were still standing. Miss Walson looking straight into his eyes. Her own, soft, appealing, and there was a suggestion of challenge.

"Miss Walson," he said. "I believe I can help you. I believe I can get this medicine to him about the time you say. I shall certainly try to, and will get away at once. Give me a portion of it in another phial. But you must take the rest and go on the special train in case I fail to get there."

Never would he forget what she expressed in those eyes of a thousand tongues.

"Mr. Oxley," she said, with the mist now in her eyes. "I knew you would help me. I knew— But,— Don't you see that I must go with you? You could never find the way, no one could—"

He told her, then, how he had figured it all out, and what he had decided to do.

"Oh, that is splendid," she cried. "Splendid, it

is about the way that I should go. But, you have no idea the tangle it is. So many straits and arms of the sea, and so many rivers that you might mistake for the one you would want. It is a perfect maze. No one could ever get there who is not familiar with every mile of the country. But, it is splendid, glorious of you to attempt it. But it cannot be. I must go with you. I can get through. I will know everything and cannot be misled besides—

“My dear young lady,” he said. “You have no idea what you would attempt. Finding the way is the very least of it. But you have no idea of what such a ride in a plane would be. Every moment is one of utmost uncertainty. Every second is a separate chance. A thousand things may happen. You may have to come to earth at any moment, and you must land wherever it happens. Perhaps on the sea, or in the trees of a forest, where if you reached the ground alive and uninjured, you would be far from human habitation or aid, and there would be great hardship and privation. You might escape injury, and I might—not. Leaving you alone in such a situation, what would I answer to your father? To the world? But granted that everything went right and we should make it. Have you any sort of an idea

what such a trip is like. Just imagine yourself hanging on the seat of a swing, a thousand feet up there. That is all that it is. The seat of a swing, on the filmy structure of the plane, buffeted like the feather it is on the four winds of Heaven. And on this shadow of a thing you must sit for six or more hours in a narrow cramped position. And that is not the all. The air up there is very cold, probably below freezing tonight, and the great speed of the plane will drive you against it as if you was facing a blizzard sending the chill to the bone. It is a terrible experience. You see now how impossible it is. But, I am used to it. It is my game. No, Miss Walson, we are losing precious moments. Order the car, please, and let me be off. Give me the map and I will study it more and it will guide me."

He had rapidly drawn this picture to show them the danger and the rashness of Miss Walson's proposition to go. Mrs. Van Rensaeller had as yet said nothing. She spoke low, calm and collected.

"Mr. Oxley," she said. "You do not know the Walsons. They are like yourself, people who do the impossible things. My brother would be disappointed in Vera if she did not accompany you. If you are to undertake this great thing for us she

will share its hazards with you. And she is right. You could not in a thousand chances make this trip without a competent guide, familiar with every mile of the way. I am her aunt. All the mother she has had for ten years. I therefore speak in authority. I sanction it, and assume the responsibility. But, I have all faith in you and your wonderful biplane. We have read all about you and your achievements. We have seen you—every day—at the field.”

At this moment she excused herself from the room, and they two were left alone. Oxley standing shaking. His thoughts mounting him to the seventh heaven. He glanced at the girl. Her superb eyes met his own squarely, smiling, unflinching, determined.

“My aunt is right,” she said. “I must go with you. You are willing to undergo all that you have said for my—sake, and for my father. I have no right to ask such a thing of you, and if you go I must share its dangers with you. It is my duty to guide you and save you from additional peril. And,” she smiled, “I may not be the tenderfoot you think I am. I have spent many months in the Maine woods. I am as familiar with their conditions as any guide. I have tramped many miles in moccasins and on snow

shoes with my father, living on hard tack, trout and wild game that we cooked on a cone fire. I have slept many nights in a bough lean-to with balsam boughs for a couch. Sometimes in the snow, and it was the time of my life, too."

She stood. Her face flushed, her eyes fired at the glorious reminiscence. She was Jonas Q. Walson's daughter. But that promotor would have given liberally of his millions if she had been a son, or if he had one like her.

She was magnificent. He was satisfied now that she was indeed not a "Baby," but his own equal in grit or ability to stand rough out of doors. Besides he knew that she was keen, enduring and cool, and not a whit the less deliciously, sweetly feminine. It was only his great fear of hardship and danger to her that hesitated him. And still, above it all persistently loomed up the great thought— The dazzling hope. What if he took her—and—made good? He realized that it is in passing through such a comradeship as this was likely to be, that tries out human metal and binds human souls in the never ending bonds of unphrased, unwritten fraternity. Would this bind theirs? He knew he should lose that advantage of charm if he refused to take her. Was this his opportunity?—Heaven given—that "knocks but

once?" It was an amazing situation suddenly thrust upon him. He flashed a glance at her. She laughed. A sweet tinkle of a laugh that held him to her eyes, that plead, demanded, admired, enchanted, a thousand things, but greatest of all promised, of undying gratitude and eternal friendship— And dared he hope— More? She held out her hand. He took it hungrily, almost savagely. Her fingers tightened about his own, sending a tornado of ecstatic thrills through him. "You will take me? Please. I refuse to let you go alone."

"Yes," he said, blindly. "I will go. With you as captain and guide, and we will win out, for the God that shapes all destinies will not reward such valor as yours any other way."

"How about your own?" She flashed back at him.

He flushed, but instantly now he became a changed man. He was the aviator now with the task of his lifetime before him. "Order the special at once," he said, "And send a trusted servant with a portion of the medicine in case—we fail."

Mrs. Van Rensaeller had returned just in time to hear this. She smiled.

"The special," she said, "Has just gone. We had ordered it at once at the same time we sent

for you, in case you could not go. I have just told Briggs, our man, to start. The train is on its way."

Oxley bowed and smiled. "Where is your phone?" he asked.

Mrs. Van Rensaeller led him to it. He called his mechanic on the field at Squantum, and gave his orders. Happily his plane was in the pink of condition. Then he returned to Miss Walson. "Dress yourself warmly," he said. Wear long overboots, or hunting boots if you have them. Take a long close fitting fur coat and a hood, and one of your aunt's waterproof auto coats with a hood to wear over all. Better pack a small hamper, we may need it."

Half an hour later they whirled over the lonely marsh-bound Squantum turnpike. They did not talk much. He was too dazed. He wanted to just think. Think.

"Seen him every day at the field," had she?

So had scores of other society girls. Some had fawned on him showers of maudlin hero worship and applause. They had sought to fly with him, too, in public, for the notoriety. How he rejoiced that she had not. They swung across into the deserted aviation field and stopped before the looming white hangar. Lights were glimmering

around a huge bird-like creature with monstrous wings outspread like some giant fabled roc of old, crouching, ready to leap into the heavens. She dismissed the chauffeur, and Oxley led her to a seat in the doorway of the hangar.

For half an hour then, he worked rapidly with his mechanic and assistants, "tuning up." Again and again he went over critical parts, and tried out the engine. He saw that his double supply of oil and water was all right. He saw that the hamper and a rifle were firmly tied on. His fair shipmate sat mutely interested in his every movement. At last he was satisfied.

"We will go now," he said to her. He assisted her to put on her fur coat and hood and the rubber cloak over it. Then he adjusted the aviation mask and goggles over her sweet face,—he hated to hide it now that it was so near,—and last, the cloak hood over her head. Unhesitating then the brave girl climbed up into the plane and took her half-reclining position on the narrow seat with its equally narrow back. Securely he wrapped her feet in the long folds of the auto cloak. Then he donned his own coats and mask, said a hurried word or two to his man, shot another anxious glance or two over the plane and climbed up beside her at the wheel and levers.

The engine blurted into a whirring roar. "Let her go," he shouted. The plane at its release started along the turf. Faster, faster, then it lifted. It was twelve o'clock to the minute when, with a graceful swinging sweep they shot outward and upward over the bay, and the strangest voyage ever entered upon by two young people was begun. It was crispy chill, the moon nearly overhead. To the brave girl it was all a strange, wild new sensation. The earth in the weird moonlight seemed to rapidly sink away beneath them, causing her heart to leap into her mouth. But this quickly wore away. The rush of the air and the roar of the engine was harder to get used to. Lights twinkled on the stray craft moored about the bay and harbor. To the left of them spread the great jumble of Boston lights.

Farther and farther the different objects of earth sank beneath them until now the coast stretched out below them, visible plainly far ahead. 'Acutely defined against the silver gleam of the moon-lit sea. It was a wonderful sight now. It held the young woman spellbound. In a surprising short space of time to her, Lynn lights twinkled beneath them. As quickly followed Salem, with the glow of Marblehead showing to the right. A little further ahead, at Beverly, the coast turned

sharply to the right, and a glow far down in the distance she said would be Gloucester, but directed that they keep on to the left across the dark land toward another far distant glow that she said was Newburyport, thus cutting off the great point of Cape Ann. The rush of the air now seemed to deaden the roar of the engine, making it possible for some conversation. Yet she had to lean near to him and speak quite loud. In spite of the rush of the air Oxley fancied that he could feel the warmth of her close companionship. She was getting a little used to the plane now, and beginning to fully experience the strange situation. It fascinated her. She had not the least fear or distrust. "Oh, I could enjoy this," she cried, "Were it under different circumstances. This is wonderful. Glorious. Something worth while. Anyone can follow a rail, or a well built road, but it takes brain, and nerve to accomplish this. Oxley thrilled at the ring of pride in her words. And she had said, that he alone, of all the world's millions, was the only one that could help her.

How he gloried in that.

The world, with its twentieth century limited trains and fast modern gasoline and electric motors, they needed, as she had said, true rails, smooth road beds, strong bridges and tunnels to

cross the gulleys of valleys, and penetrate the ant hills of mountains. Bah. He needed none of these. That was child's play. He looked down on these things now in contempt. His roadway was the free eternal runway of the heavens. He could shape his course to any point of the compass and go, go, go, with naught of river, lake or mountain to bar his way. What a glorious boast and pride. His pathway was not without its dangers, and greater dangers, too. He knew that, but he was glad that he had braved it all for this.

They were soon passing Newburyport, and the great marshes of Atlantic and the Hamptons lay in a dark blur ahead. Only an occasional dot of light now denoted the midnight oil burning in some home. But, far ahead, a halo of light began to loom up. This his fair plane mate said would be Portsmouth. The plane was flying beautifully, well shook out now and settled for its long flight. His acute ear noted every sound and vibration that told how perfectly every part was doing its work. More important and needful to him tonight than at any time in his aerial career.

"I am glad you are not finding the sensation of flight unpleasant," he said. "And let us look for the best. I have a hope—a feeling that you will find your father not as bad as you fear. He may

only have believed the attack was coming on. We are going beautifully. Everything seems to be in perfect trim. If she holds this condition and pace we shall make it on time, and with the relief and you by his side, he will soon be all right."

"Oh, I thank you," she cried. "Yes, my father does want me. We are great chums. Poor dear dad, we have great times together. I most always go with him to camp. It is glorious up there on the grand lake, and in the woods. We go fishing and on long tramps, camera snap shooting at the wild things. Dad sometimes shoots game birds, but he never uses a rifle. If we want venison in camp in season, the guides get it for us."

She was growing quite cheerful and chatty at his reassuring words. A delightful companion. Oxley could well believe that they had glorious times in the splendid wilderness. Who could not with such a comrade?

"Father wanted me to go with him this time," she continued. "But I wanted to—see—the aviation meet."

If Oxley rejoiced at the fact that she could not see his face, she was equally as glad that he could not see hers. She was blushing furiously. Her aunt had let slip the fact that they had read all about him. Seen him daily at the field, and now

she had innocently admitted that she had staid at home from an alluring week in the Maine wilds to see— He believed that she was going to say him. But for the purr of the engine she must have heard his heart thumping against his ribs. It was ten minutes past one when the lights of Portsmouth lay close to their left. They had made as good as sixty miles in the first hour. On they flew up the northeast angle of the coast line, clearly defined in the full moonlight.

They were over Maine now, the state of their goal. She chatted continuously.

He was delighted at her knoweldge of himself. The papers had printed much about him. The son of a bank president in a small western city. He had been through college and had won his letter. He had taken up law and won admission to the bar. But, it was slow getting the position he desired. Then, loomed up suddenly the Wrights in their world startling aviation. He became interested; then a pupil; and once, in the thrill of the plane and the art of actually flying, he had taken it up in earnest. Launched out for himself, where he could work out his own ideas without dictation or hindrance, and in a ridiculously short time had won fame and money.

That was about all as to his story. Conversa-

tion made the time pass quicker.

Though the night air at their altitude was rushing over them keen as a razor, she would not admit of the least cold, saying that his care in having her so well wrapped with the impenetrable rubber cloak protected her completely. He was astonished at her thorough knowledge of every feature of the country gliding under them. She seemed to recognize every river and creek that gleamed below them. She pointed out each town. York Beach, Wells, Biddeford and Saco. The machine was flying perfectly. It was five minutes to two when Portland, Maine's chief city, lay below them. They had made fifty odd miles from Portsmouth in forty-five minutes. A good third of the journey had been accomplished. There was little wind. Night flying was favorable in that respect at least. They turned now, at her advice, straight up Casco Bay toward inland. The wonderful dots of its famous islands made dark spots in the glimmering sheen. The lights of Brunswick soon showed far to the left of them.

"Ah," said Oxley, a moment later. "There is the Kennebec."

A silvery laugh greeted him. He turned toward her.

"That is New Meadows river." she said.

Oxley was some surprised when he thought it would be so easy.

"Oh, there it is, then," he ventured, as another broad stream line showed ahead of them.

"Wrong again," she said. "See, now, how easily you could go astray? That is the Androscoggin. If you followed that up you would come into New Hampshire, a hundred miles from Moosehead."

He was much mollified now. "It is evident that I should have made a sorry job of it," he said, I—

"There, there is the Kennebec," she shouted. She pointed ahead. "See, this river runs into it." They were directly over the Androscoggin now. You might have made a sorry job, but you would have tried. I knew the maze that it is. No one unfamiliar with everything here could have done it, and not one in a thousand would have offered to attempt it."

Every fibre of his body was tingling. He saw now the gleaming line stretching far away up into the blur of the landscape of Maine, and what was now to be their guiding line, but he knew that he should have certainly missed it. He was glad, now, that she was with him. Her companionship was delightful. Hope, too, began to grow strong within him, that they should make it. He had

certainly flown more hours than this ought to take before. Why not this much again?

He gloried in the whole great import of it. They sailed in silence now for some time, they must have become affected with what aviators sometimes term as "altitude intoxication." At any rate, whatever it was, it was suddenly broken, when he shouted out in surprise, "Why, look! Have we made a mistake? or have I unconsciously turned the plane? We are approaching the sea."

And so it appeared, for ahead of them as far as eye could reach, or up and down, to right and left, shimmered the glimmering moon-lit sea.

"Why, it looks like it, don't it?" replied Miss Walson, staring down at the silvery expanse. "But it can't be. The sea must be several miles distant, I am sure."

He swung the plane inward now to keep from going over the sea. Heavens it was still glimmering before him. Further in he swung. Horror upon horror a fearful realization came upon him. Land had disappeared. Nothing was visible below or around them but the great, boundless, rolling ocean. For the first time on the seat of an aeroplane fear seized him. It was a sensation entirely new to him. It strangled him, froze him, crazed him

"My God," he cried. "What have I done? How did this happen? Why did I ever let you come? I was insane." I am a criminal. A—

A shout of laughter startled him. It smote him, for he thought it was hysteria when she now realized their terrible situation. But he had yet a lot to learn about this wonderful girl. Hot sweat alternated with the chills. He never knew how he clung to the wheel in the first great shock of it. Not of any fear or thought of himself, but he felt that he was terribly guilty in bringing her into such a danger.

"Don't you know what it is?" she cried. "How silly we both were. Why it is nothing but the fog. The white fog that comes on the Maine coast from the sea, almost in a minute, sometimes. But, of course, you did not know, and I have never seen it from such an altitude, or I should have known in a minute. It is nothing. We are all right, just the same, and nowhere near the sea."

He believed that she was right, and her words lifted tons of weight from his suffering mind. Inland bred as he had been of course such a phenomenon was entirely new to him. But the relief was only momentary. Like an arctic blast the real seriousness of their position flashed back upon him. It might as well have been the sea. He

would rather have died than alarm her as he must.

"Miss Walson" he stammered. "I believe it is, as you say, the fog, but I must tell you that it is just as dangerous to us. I have a most unpardonable thing to confess. I have come away without a compass. Mine was broken when I struck the pylon today trying to avoid a collision with young Howe. In my haste to get away I forgot to take another. The thing of all that I most needed. Of course if we can keep flying until the fog clears, we may escape injury. It would be extremely dangerous going down in this. But that is not all—not the worst, don't you see. All hope of reaching your father is now gone."

He almost sobbed as he talked. He was terribly crushed. How small he felt now, after all his secret boasting. How utterly helpless now in this new, strange situation.

He felt her hand rest on his arm. It both soothed and hurt him.

"You silly boy," she said. "There is no need of a compass. Look up there."

She pointed to the mistless expanse of sky above them.

"I know," he said. "But I have another, a more humiliating confession to make. I am ut-

terly ignorant of astronomy. That is a study that never came in my way. I know hardly one star from another. I believe I do know of the big dipper."

"Well, that is enough," she cried. "For it is in the north, and by it we can find the pole star which is exact north. You are not expected to know quite everything. We can find the dipper. Let us find that, and then polaris and it will guide as all right. The Kennebec runs generally straight north. We will not be so very many miles away from it—

"We will be many miles from it," he broke in. "For from the moment I found the earth blotted out I have been making an aviator's stop, flying in a short circle."

"Oh, isn't that glorious, I never thought of such a thing. What one does not know or think of the other does," she cried.

They were eagerly scanning the heavens as they circled. But finding the dipper was not so easy, the brilliant moonlight had greatly dimmed the stars. They were barely visible.

"It is pretty low down," she said, "At this time of the year."

Oxley was looking up as if fearing that the upper plane might be hiding its view.

"Perhaps we are turning too fast," he said. "I will take a wider circle, and that will give us more time."

Intently they scanned the skies, but it seemed fruitless. Neither of them could define the dipper. He knew that she must be getting alarmed, and would be suffering now, and his own heart sank lower and lower. He had but little hope in the scheme anyway, and they were losing valuable time. He had about given up, when suddenly she screamed like a child. "I've got it! I've got it! I see it. There, there, turn that way, that is it; now steady, straight ahead. Now don't you see it? Quite low down. There is the upper star of the handle there." She was pointing up at a low angle.

"I see a star there. Yes," he said.

"Well, now follow down this way. See the next one?"

"I do," he said.

"Now down this way."

"By Jove, I make it out, now. The whole of it. That is the big dipper all right," he shouted excitedly.

"Now then, take the two stars that form the far side of the bowl from the handle and follow their line up. There, see, that brighter star there?"

she cried.

"I certainly do see it plain enough," he said.

"Well, that is Polaris, the north star, as sure as we are alive, and it will lead us as straight as would the river. Moosehead is forty miles long. The Kennebec leads out about midway of it, and we shall not be far from some part of it. The fog will clear, it won't run up as far as the lake. It will be daylight at five o'clock, and the lake must be in sight. If we find it it will be easy enough to get Chesuncook."

She had shouted this gleefully. She was jubilantly certain of their chances now. He was hopeful that she was right, but it was all so wild, unnatural and strange to him, that he was like one in a wild dream. One thing he was sure of, they were certainly getting away from any danger of the sea, but whether they should make the goal or not, was still a matter of some doubt to him. But, right or wrong, her distress was relieved, and that was worth a lot to him, and he would not allow her to dream of any doubt on his part.

The plane was still working perfectly, which made him rejoice. It was near three o'clock. They had lost some ground. He could not know how much. But he had not flown yet at his fullest

speed, and he meant now to strain her to make up and be in sight of the lake at daylight.

"I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to keep tabs on that star," he said. "I have little faith in myself, now, but you can be the skipper, captain, pilot, all. I can run the plane, and I will direct her just where you say."

"I will be nothing of the kind," she flashed back. "I will keep the star in sight and tell you right or left if we deflect. But, you are the captain just the same, and of the most wonderful ship in the world, that can sail where no other ship ever did. Whoever saw the like of this before?" she exclaimed rapturously, her fair hand sweeping the half circle in front of them. It was, indeed, the strangest voyage ever sailed by any young couple. Eagles, wild geese and swans had traversed this path before, up and down, but mankind, never. It was a journey outrivalling the most extravagant play or story. The world had vanished. They were not of it now, but were two souls cast adrift in the infinite altitude of heaven's eternal space. These two alone. Alone? Ah, no, there was another passenger, a mythical one, that is familiarly pictured as a chubby little naked chap with wings of his own. Unseen by them he had stolen a passage on one of the wings of the

plane, where he had a clear range at them. For he is said to be an archer, an expert marksman, and he was not shirking at his work. There was special marks for him there. Perhaps he knew of it when he stowed away, and his darts flew fast and true.

The girl was intoxicated with the weird situation. She was jubilant in her faith that they were making right, and the wild mystic enchantment of it was affecting her. She exulted and delighted in the experience so utterly new and unlike anything ever before known. It was just what her nature craved. Something widely out of the threadbare routine of the every day humdrum world. And here it was, in all fullness, and she was gorging, drinking her fill.

"See," she cried. "We are waifs in starland. Voyagers in the archipelago of the boundless heavens. We are hobnobbing with the moon and the planets, with the legions of eternity. Our ship is a meteor, our sea is the moonbeams, and our beacon is a star."

She had grown poetical. Oxley began to catch her spirit. He was intoxicated to the full in the thrall of her. He did not know where they were. Whither they were really bound. To what end, or when that end would come. But what did it

matter? He was in the place of all the world he would now desire to be in, by her side, listening to the music of her voice; her laughter, the sweetest he had ever heard. They were leaning each toward the other. She with her hand still resting on his nearer arm, while the plane now drove with its best speed toward the pole star. It was as eternity. Time had ceased to them, in its true standard of measurement. Minutes were now doing the work of hours, and hours the work of months in the progress of their lives. In their isolation they for the time lost all sense of the world they had left, and lapsed into unconsciousness of everything but themselves. Cupid in such an advantage works fast. His darts shoot true to the mark. Soul binds soul, and hearts weld strong for eternity, and thus they flew on, and on through the dreamy star dotted film of the firmament, ever steering for the star of—whatever their destiny.

The boundless wraith below them showed no break. Oxly hardly cared. He was too supremely happy. The small light showing the dial of his plane clock, revealed that the minutes were slipping by. Three o'clock and four o'clock had come and gone. The minute hand was creeping up the half circle toward the hour of five, and now a new danger began to assert itself. A new

light in the east began to assist the moon in dimming their guiding star. Soon its light would be gone altogether. Then there would be a half hour at least that they must go by sheer dead reckoning. He meant to set the wheel as soon as they lost the star. A swiftly flying plane unless steered does not swerve much from a straight course. As yet they had not encountered fluke or pocket in the winds. What would be their location when the fog should clear and earth become visible he could not guess. Would her knowledge of the chorography of Maine enable her to establish their position, and show her the way to their goal? He ceased to be the dreamer now. As the climax was nearing he became again the alert man of thought and action. He hoped in all hope that their position would be favorable to them. Everything of the plane had gone so perfectly. Oil, water, the engine, everything was right and in plenty. She too now realized that they were nearing an important time. She was leaning slightly forward, intently holding to the fast dimming speck of the pole star. He told her, then, what he meant to do.

"That will be splendid," she said. "But oh, if the fog would only clear."

"Do you still see the star?" he asked,

"Yes, but it is about all I can do," she replied. "We are going straight toward it."

"Do not strain your eyes any more," he said. "I have set the wheel and we cannot go very much astray. Besides the rising sun will soon show us the east, and that will help some."

They talked like old shipmates now, hardened to the sailing they were living. Full daylight crept upon them, and the great golden glow of the rising sun was lighting up the mist square to their right. It was about half past five when wild shouts of joy from the girl startled him.

"Look! Oh look!" she screamed, "The fog is breaking."

She was pointing to the left. He looked and beheld a group of mountain tops like islands now glowing in the first rays of the sun. But that was not all. Another and more joyous cry caused him to look where she was pointing, almost straight ahead. The mist had crept away revealing a large expanse of gleaming silver, with a wonderful scroll of boundary extending in all directions.

"It is Moosehead! Moosehead!" she screamed. "It is the lake. Look, those are the Spuaw Mountains, and there are Deer and Sugar Islands. We are coming over Greenville bay, be-

tween the Junction and village. See, there are the villages. Turn straight up the lake. Oh, isn't it wonderful, you splendid boy. We are only twelve miles away from the Kennebec. There, it makes out there in that big bay," she pointed ahead.

She screamed like a child and clapped her gloved hands. Oxley was afraid she would fall out of her seat, so great was her joy. He was too full for utterance. Silently he exulted and held to the wheel, giving the plane every mile of speed that was in it. A new daring now possessed the delighted girl. "We will not follow the lake," she said. "We will cut across country and save many miles. Keep straight over that ridge," she pointed to the sombre back of Burnt Jacket, showing clear to the right. "We will go up by Lily and Spencer bays, and see. We have another true guide there. I had forgotten it."

Truly disciplined he turned to the course she had directed. He had no doubt of her now to pilot them anywhere. He looked where she was pointing and saw far in the distance the gleaming dome of a magnificent mountain, its crest white with snow.

"That is Kathadin," she said, "Maine's great mountain. It lies straight east of Chesuncook.

We shall be at the camp in less than an hour. Oh, my father. We shall be in time, and we shall save him. This medicine I have will do it. Oh, what a debt I shall owe you."

Oxley knew that the world would ring with the tale of that night's work. But of that he cared naught. What he was hearing then from her lips was worth more than gold or the plaudits of a thousand worlds to him. The sun was now kissing the mountain tops, and the panorama now opened out below was magnificent, such as he had never seen before. They passed Lily bay and soon the domes of the two Spencers lay off to the left of them. Animated, excited and enthusiastic as a child she pointed out this and that lake, stream and mountain. Her knowledge of the wild, magnificent maze surprised him, and its sweeping vastness awed him. He was a sportsman himself, a great lover of the wilds. But such as he had seen were limited. He longed to traverse this country below him and have a try at some of the trout and salmon that he knew must be in those waters. They had crossed Roach river and left it far behind. Ragged and Caribou lakes soon lay before them. Caribou at the greater distance. When she pointed that out she screamed with glee, for it is really a great arm of Chesuncook. It was just

six o'clock when a long silvery expanse of water rivalling Moosehead began to reveal itself clearly ahead.

"There it is," she cried. "There's old Chesuncook. Keep straight across it, and we will go up the other shore. The camp is on that side."

Soon they were crossing the splendid lake about midway of its long length.

"Oh, you glorious, wonderful boy," she cried. "You are going to make it. Going to win out as you always have at everything, and pretty close on time, too, in spite of what we lost by the fog. I told aunt I knew you would do it—

"Me," he broke in. "Me. That is kind of you I am sure. But I had as much to do in reaching this place as old Dan Tucker. I never could have got here. I should have been in Vermont, New Brunswick, by now, or over sea. Me. I should have made a sorry job of it alone. I doubt if I can ever do anything again, alone, Ver— I beg your pardon, Miss Walson, but this will be my last flight. It would be sacrilege—again—after this—

"I doubt if you will be let fly again," she said.

His heart was thumping like a sledge hammer. The hot blood surged within him.

"Look! Look! There is the point, and the

camp. See, there is smoke coming from the chimney. Oh, Jack"—

It was a wonder that he held the wheel. He saw the camp plainly. They were less than ten minutes away. But it looked more like a shore villa at Newport, than a wilderness camp. One thing he had not asked about, and it had given him some concern, that was the matter of a suitable landing place. But he distinguished broad, clean fields and the fullness of his joy and triumph was complete. An aviator's flight, short or long as it may be is never surely accomplished until the plane has touched the earth again and stopped unharmed. There is not a certain second while motion lasts. Many an aviator has met his death at the very last moment. After a world astonishing feat in flying. But he was reasonably sure now that his goal was won. She was sitting silent now, shaking with conflicting emotions. She wanted to laugh and cry at once. The plane was dashing down a long gentle slope now. Earth was coming up nearer, more distinct. The morning wind was rising. The faithful engine stopped for the first time in six hours. As the great strange bird swooped down over the green, several cattle were frightened out of their wits, and stampeded up the field to a safe vantage and

turned staring at the strange sight. The wheels met the turf, settled and ran along for a few rods, and then the plane stopped close to a small pine grove. The camp within two minutes walk on the other side.

Oxley sprang to the ground and threw off his great coat and mask, revealing his face, white and strangely drawn. He shook like a poplar tree. He unwrapped her feet while she slipped off her hood and her own face mask. But her face rivalled the maple leaves over on the ridge, and her eyes looked down into his, speaking volumes in sweet eye language. He grew bold. He flung everything to the winds. He held up his arms outspread. Unhesitating she let herself fall into them like a child. He clasped her quivering form and crushed it to him. Her solid weight unbalanced him as he swung her a little to steady himself. He brought her face close before him. He kissed her, once, twice, a dozen times, full on lips, that did not shrink, but lay mute, receptive. Her eyes closed as if asleep. Then he attempted to speak, feeling as if immersed in ice water at his great daring.

"Oh, Vera—Miss Walson," he said, "dismiss me, scorn me if you will, I deserve it, but I could not help it, I am insane. Oh, I love you, love you,

love you"—

"Jack," she said. "What you 'deserve,' you—got."

He realized that one of her arms had stolen up over his shoulder. The blood surged hot again within him. "Vera," he cried, dearest, bravest, brightest girl in the world. Oh, God, is it true? Speak one word, you are not ang—

"Jack," she whispered. "I love you. I loved you—before—last night or I never would have asked you to do this for me. Let us go to the house now."

The little winged God that had sat all this time laughing on the rigid forgotten plane, now flew away on his own wings, satisfied with his night's work.

They left the plane for the inspection of the outraged cattle that had step by step stolen back to a respectful distance, puffing and snorting.

She cried out in pain as she attempted to walk. Oxley steadied her for a few steps, but her supple muscles soon recovered their action. He felt as if he was still in the air. A moment later he emerged from the grove, close to the rear of the fine main building. A man just coming down the porch steps stopped and stared at them in amazement. "Miss Vera," he gasped.

"Benson, how is father?" she asked.

"He—oh,—why he is having one of those attacks of his. We telegraphed for you to come by special train last night and bring some medicine he wants. Some one is likely at Kineo by now with it.

She was smiling. She held up the phial. "Here it is," she said, "I got the telegram all right at seven forty-five last night."

They both smiled at the look on the old guide's face.

"In Boston?" he gasped. "Last—night. Don't joke Miss Vera, but before God then, how did you get here at this time? Did you drop from the skies?"

"Yes," she cried. "That is it, that is just what we did do. Telegraph at once to aunt and to Kineo and tell Johnson to go back. You will excuse me now Jack," she said, "and hurried through a door into the house. Oxley quickly explained to the gaping guide, but it is doubtful if he believed the story until he had stolen through the grove and seen the evidence of the plane with the cattle."

Oxley had just sat down to his breakfast when she again appeared, an hour later. She looked radiant and happy. She was clad in a bewitching

camp costume.

"How is your father?" he asked.

"Sleeping beautiful, the medicine has eased him at once. We got here just right. He will be all right in a day or two. But it is a bad attack, it is acute indigestion. He had grown careless; he will be more careful; he thought he was all right."

She was a thousand times more beautiful than ever.

"Are you getting anything to eat?" she asked.

"Oh, I could go outside and yell for an hour, like we did in college," he said, "at what you say about your father, that I have been able to help you and get you here in safety and on time. Eat? Well I should say so. Won't you join me? This is a feast for the gods; these trout are delicious, I never tasted of anything like them, and these beans—oh, Mummer."

"Benson cooked them in the bean hole," she said. "But that isn't anything, there'll be venison, duck and partridge and"—

Thus they ate their first meal together. She looked like a composite of Juno and Diana, sitting there opposite him in the great picturesque main room, with the walls adorned with astonishing heads of moose and deer, groups of birds, and huge specimens of salmon and trout, all mounted

and set, true to life.

He knew that she was his now. But he did not intend to broach the subject of marriage, not yet. There was much to do, much to reckon with. There was the matter of her father, what was he likely to say? Some job to tackle Jonas Q. Walson on most any subject, say nothing about asking for the hand of his only idolized daughter. A man that could cause the giants of the financial world to shake in their shoes at the sound of his footfall would not be likely to give his daughter over off hand to a stranger of a night. He might have ideas of his own on that score. Besides Oxley did not wish to seem to be taking advantage because of an obligation. It was a delicate situation that had come upon him like a lightning stroke out of a clear sky, changing his whole life in a night. He was dazed, uncertain as to what he ought to do. He hinted at returning to Boston.

"What, are you in such a hurry to leave me now?" she said.

"God forbid," he said. "Leave you. I would never leave you. Don't tease me. But don't you see I am in a delicate position. Your father, what may he have to say? I must make a name; do something to"—

"Now, not another word of that kind," she

said. "I want you to meet him first. Dear old dad, he is the best father in the world. I guess he does stir up the menagerie some in the stock exchanges and railroad deals when they try to get the best of him. You are all right here, this is not a bad place, and remember, you are still under my captaincy. I have not discharged you yet, and I'm not going to, I want a little of you to myself now that I have got you. You may not see much of me for a day or two, until dad gets better, but I know that he will be all right in a short time now. The fall fishing is at its best and I want you to have some of it with me in my motor boat. There is everything you need here, the aviation meet is over, the telephone and telegraph will carry your instructions to your men in Boston."

Oxley was dazed, every word that she had said was a separate thrill, if Benson had not been coming in and out of the room he would have repeated the scene at the abandoned plane. It was rapture though to see and hear her; there was no gainsaying her, she dominated him absolutely, soul and body, and there was joy in the bonds, there was not the least fear on her part of her father. Two days later he was taken in to meet the iron financier. He was much better, but showed his illness.

"Papa, this is Jack," was all she said.

"My little girl has told me all about your sky scooting together," he said.

The hot blood surged to Oxley's temples. He wondered if she had "told him all." The steel grey eyes set in the square jawed face of the magnate seemed to read his every thought.

"Yes, all," he continued, "My girl keeps nothing from me. She don't need to. She wouldn't do anything I would not approve of."

Oxley's heart was in his mouth, the great moment had come, but a strange confidence possessed him and he went to face it as he had all other things.

"Mr. Walson," he began, "I never met your daughter until last Friday night. But that seems ages ago, I lived a long time during that night, and I"—

"Now cut that all out boy," roared the man, "I know all you would say; time counts nothing, it is what is done that goes, whether it is a minute or a year, I rate men according to what they do, it's the ones that do that I am looking for."

"Yes," broke in Oxley, "But have I done—as much as you think I have, in her natural gratitude for assistance in getting her to the relief of the father she loves and venerates has she not

overestimated it a little? Has she told you what an inglorious failure I should have made of it but for her? Did she tell you how I came away on such a trip—and with her, without a compass? That I lost my head entirely when the fog came and obliterated the earth from our sight, and the trail of the river we were to follow was lost. Did she tell you that with the whole clear heavens above us, spread out like a chart, it was all a blank to me, and that in spite of the glare of the moonlight she dug out the pole star by the aid of the dipper, and by it guided us from the sea to Moosehead lake and struck it square without a sight of the earth once? Did she tell you that? Me. Bah. It was her head that thought out and conducted the whole thing, I was merely the—a part of the engine, and she would run that—in an hour's schooling."

Walson's eyes snapped several times during this spirited recital.

"Oh, I always knew she was heady," he said. "No, she did not tell me any such thing as that," he continued. "But she did tell me some things you have lost sight of, that to save my worthless life for her, you would have attempted this dangerous thing, alone, and fetched up, God knows where, or how, you responded to the call."

You'd have tried and I ain't so darned certain you wouldn't have made it but for the fog, and that you didn't know much about. You want to do something, eh?

I wonder if it hasn't occurred to you that you've done a few things already?

I've found out a few of 'em myself, when a young man smart enough to lick the Universal Farm Machinery Co. to a standstill and make 'em cough up to a poor cripple whose patent they had tried to beat gives up law for this sky business, I took pains to find out why, and it was because it wasn't coming fast enough to suit you, and you never took a cent out of it either, left it all to the cripple.

Oh, baseball managers ain't the only ones that keep an eye out for good timber, I have a habit of doing that myself, and that ain't all, I know some other things, how you thrashed the bully who tried to break up the prayer meeting, you was fifteen and he was eighteen—and big enough to eat you. I know how you went into the blazing hell of a tenement house and lowered the Greek woman's kid down with a bed cord, and then near had your own neck broken by the twenty foot drop when the cord burnt off above you as you was shinnying down.

I happened to be present that day when you bowled through the stone wall, Jarvis interference, and made the sixty yard run to a touchdown that won the game for old Belisle. Do things, eh, you've been doing things all your life. Some of 'em have made the world gasp. It's gasping now. I don't know what they'll do to you when you get out. But this flying business you've got to cut that out now. You told Vera this was your last flight. It was. There is only one inevitable end to it, and you have been lucky enough to escape it so far. But we'll take no more chances. I don't want to lose a boy like you, I need you. I want you to open offices in Boston under your own name. You'll be worth twenty-five thousand a year to me for a starter, and I'll undertake to see that business comes fast enough to suit you and keep you on the earth. And here is a little something as a souvenir of your last flying trip— No, I won't put it that way. You've got a better remembrance of that."

He handed Oxley a slip of paper. He took it curiously, then his eyes opened some wider, it was a check for twenty-five thousand dollars.

"Do you accept the proposition?" the magnate asked.

Tears dimmed Oxley's eyes; he shook like a

leaf.

"Mr. Walson," he stammered. "Certainly, I— accept the business opportunity. It is a big thing, and I don't know as I can fill the bill, I'll certainly try hard. But this check— What—

"There, not a word," said the financier. "That is for part value received, I consider my life worth several times that amount, and you saved it. What a man earns is his, and there is no question or discussion about it. You earned that several times over. Now after you have had a good vacation and I get well on my feet we'll get back and get after them. Now it ought to be mighty good fishing up in otter bay, they'll rise something fierce this forenoon, it's just right. I know someone that is mighty anxious to get out after 'em in her motor boat. I'm all right so she can leave me now, mebbe you can find her."

Dazed, almost blinded, trembling in every fibre with a greater joy than he ever hoped to know, he took the hand held out to him.

Out on the broad veranda overlooking the lake and the landing where a beautiful motor boat lay gently rocking he found her. She looked at him coyly. Boldly he strode over to her and took her, again in his arms.

"You little brick," he said.

NOVEMBER

Now, down the skies, the last bird flies,
To southern haunts of yore,
To the reedy brinks, where bobolink
Has journeyed long before.

The break of day is chill and grey,
And distant meets the eye,
Katahdin's bleak and snow clad peak
Against the northern sky.

Across the down 'tis sere and brown,
The frost fell hard at dawn,
The leafy veil has cleared the dale
And wide the gullys yawn.

In every walk grey spectres stalk,
Of flowers late blooming gay,
The woods are still, where thrush's trill
Rang in the roundelay.

The lily splays have cleared the bays
The deep is black and drear,
By stream and lake, the flag and brake
Are rustling dry and sear.

Thus, summer's day soon fades away,
As scenes must ever shift,
Today the flowers, and birds are ours,
Tomorrow, cold and drift.

'Twould be a strain of deepest pain,
Were it not true to sing,
For every night, the morning light,
For every winter, spring.

PISCALOSIS

Have you got a "shifty" feeling,
As the green begins to show?
Does your mind persist in stealing
From the ruts it ought to flow?
You're impatient like and acting
Like a youngster quarter grown,
And the places most attracting,
Where the rods and things are shown.

Then, a careful diagnosis,
From the symptoms—pretty sure,
Show the case is piscalsosis,
And there's just a single cure,
Just consult the latest folder,
Pack your traps and take the train,
Fling your worry o'er your shoulder,
And go a fishing, down in Maine.

THE SCYTHESMAN

There's a grim old wraith with a scythe and snath,
And his hair flows long and white,
As in stubborn faith on his stealthy path,
He stalks both day and night,
And he mows down old, and he mows down young
In a ceaseless steady stride,
And bare is the mold where his blade has swung
And the swath lays clear and wide.

He takes no "bait" at an ending swath,
And never of slumber's lull,
With a pend'lum's gait doth he keep his troth,
And his blade grows never dull,
He is deaf to sighs, and blind to tears,
Of those who weep and moan,
For he knows no ties, and knows no fears,
And to none must he atone.

No stalk so grand, or flower so fair,
A single stroke shall stay,
Just as they stand in equal share,
He clips them, on his way,
They are but spears of human grain
That to his knife must fall,
And worth and years appeal in vain.
He reaps them, one and all.

OL' NATUR' 'LL EVEN UP

Some say that Natur' 's freaky,
An' at times inclined to shirk,
That her system 's sometimes leaky
An' it fails to do its work,
But, as far 's my observation,
An' of such as I can read
Why, since this ol' 'arth's creation
She has met 'bout every need.
Of the all that's comin' to us
She will brew a brimmin' cup,
And of what is yearly due us,
Why, ol' Natur' 'll even up.

Sometimes it may be 'arly comin'
And sometimes a little late,
But, you take it in the summin'
An' it's pretty true to date,
If the spring comes on a laggin'
Then the summer works the more,
An' if summer's heat is draggin'
Then the fall 'll pay the score,
So then as its goin' Brother,
You will get your fullest sup,
And one season with the other,
Why, ol' Natur' 'll even up.

THE SKEPTIC

Upon the mountain's battled crest
Storm beat of ice and snow,
The skeptic viewed from east to west
The wond'rous earth below,
The mighty sweep of forest plain,
The water ways that bound
As link and pearl of a giant chain
The lesser hills around.

He thought of all the planet kin
Buoyed in the boundless blue,
Their eons of never swerving spin
On orbits fraction true,
Thus, came beating to his mind
The more he pondering scanned,
The whole vast system, who designed?
And whose the guiding hand?
Chance? Ah, no, this is no hap of odd,
Then, hat in hand he bowed and said,
"There must—there is, a God."

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Oh, the castles, ever building,
In the great sometime, somewhere,
Oh, the splendor, oh the gilding
Of these villas of the air,
Bright their minarets are lifting,
High the loom of dome and spire,
Then, how swiftly they are drifting
As the clouds in sunlight's fire.

Since the soul first knew ambition,
Knew the lure of fame and gain,
Ever faithful on their mission
Came these fancies of the brain,
E'er they've vanished, through the ages,
Blighted hope's unwritten reams,
History's blank and barren pages,
In the vaults of shattered dreams.

Yet, who failed in realizing,
Has he lived it all in vain?
Were it not better, hope's arising
Than it had in torpor lain?
Man takes naught at life's expiring,
Then who shall say but somewhere lives,
And waits the crowns of his desiring
From the hand that justice gives.

JONES' PIG PORK

JONES is a modest follower of agricultural pursuits, his little domain is snugly tucked among the hills, a few leagues east of Bangor. He prides himself on marketing an exceptionally fine article in pig pork, and that he has an enviable reputation in this trade is certain, and the limited supply of "Jones' Pig Pork," always meets with ready sale.

One summer as usual, Jones raised a goodly number of squealers to an average "heft" of 100 pounds, and out of the lot he reserved as usual one smooth and "likely looking" intended to tickle the fine sensibilities of his own organs of taste when he should have added a few extra choice pounds to its rib and loin. With great care Jones fed this prize on the richest "nubbins" in the crib, and he spent much time beside the sty gently scratching the pink back of the plump young porker within.

Meanwhile his mouth watered as his thoughts dwelt with daily increasing gusto on prospective feasts of "roast sparerib and cider apple sass," savory chops and delicious sausages.

Now it happened that Jones was not the only

connoisseur of pork in that locality. The other was a black bear, with a shaggy coat, and about 400 pounds of raw bone and muscle in his make up.

Now like all of the rest of his kind there was nothing on earth that so excited his olfactories, and whetted his appetite as a tender young hog, there was nothing that he would go so far for, or take as desperate chances to obtain. This bear probably up to this time had been as peaceable and as law abiding as any citizen of the woods. But there were mitigating circumstances in his case just now. Business had been poor all summer, the severe drouth of the spring and consequent forest fires followed later by unseasonable frosts had ruined the berry crop, and that wan't all, the ants had gone on strike and had not worked the mines in the old rotten logs and stumps, hibernating time was fast upon him and instead of being provided with thick layers of fat to draw upon during his long winter's sleep, he was gaunt and thin and desperately hungry. One night he was rummaging around down in a cedar swamp back of Jones' farm buildings. He was sullen and ruminating on the hard times and his own hard luck. But as yet no thought of outlawry had entered his mind. But suddenly a frolicsome zephyr

gamboling along from the direction of Jones' barn had caught up and brought along with it a taint that set every fibre of Ol' Eph's anatomy to tingling. He stopped, sat upright on his haunches, and remarked, "Whoo—oo—oof," something like the exhaust of a shovel. Instantly he had become a changed creature, blood thirsty and desperate, his thoughts filled with carnage and violence. He directly left the swamp and followed the scent straight up the hill to Jones' barn. All was quietness there, the cattle were dozing peacefully in their stalls. Lined along the poles in the lean-to the headless chickens were in their land of slumber. But Ol' Eph cared naught for any of these.

Down back of the barn a piece of scantling was leaning against a door that led into the cellar. He cuffed this aside and the door opened just a crack. Into this bruin placed his offending nose, took a good sniff, and again remarked, but this time more emphatically, "Wh-o-o-o-o-f." There was a sudden violent rustling of straw, a scampering of feet and a frightened, "Ugh, ugh!"

Bruin must have understood this as an invitation to step in, for he whisked the door wide open and lumbered lordly into the cellar. There was a cracking of boards, a wild chase around a 12-foot pen, a struggle, accompanied by terrific squealing.

When bruin came out a moment later he was walking on his hind feet like a man, and he clasped tightly in his huge fore paws a desperately struggling young hog, that was making the hills ring with his frantic yells.

These air clearing shrieks conveyed a wireless message to the receiving station of Jones' ears, warning him, though in the deepest slumber, that his pet porker was in very serious trouble. He tumbled out of bed and tried to pull his trousers on over his head. When he had them at last properly adjusted he rushed for his gun, only to remember that he had loaned it to Smith only the day before.

Then he tore open the door and dashed for the barn. Silence and the open door explained matters there, but now away down in the lot he heard the smothered dying wails of a hog.

Jones ran stumbling in the direction of the sounds, and soon made out in the gloom a huge upright form, moving with surprising rapidity toward the nearby swamp.

He knew that it was a bear, hungry and ugly, bearing away his beloved porker. At first he tried to reason with him, but with no success; then he got mad and called him by all the mean names he could think of. But the thoughts of the coming

feast superseded any sting of insult. Beside that he was now close to the swamp. There was a swishing of boughs, the sound of footsteps fainter and fainter, and he was gone—likewise Jones' pork.

BUSTER IN MAINE

YES," said the guide, "We do run against some mighty amusing things with the sportsmen that come down here into the woods. Now there was Huntoon, he'd been coming down here for years; good fellow, but 'tarnally bragging about his wonderful dog Buster, that he had at his home up in Massachusetts, and telling what he'd do if he was only down here. Huntoon would set and talk by the hour about that dog, the hundreds of other dogs he'd licked, woodchucks and rabbits he'd holed in the stone piles and walls, the calves and cats he'd outrun, and the holy terror he was in general. Well, that was all right, he might have been some pup as Massachusetts canines go, but I always tried to discourage him about bringing him down here. I told him these woods was no place for him, besides the wardens would be likely to shoot him for a deer dog. But it was no use, when he come down one fall Buster was with him, and such a mutt, a long legged, lanky, ungainly cuss, of a grizzly brindle brown color, body and tail something after a pointer, but with the head and jowls more like a mastiff. Oh, he was a beaut and

no mistake, but he was a good natured lummoX, and Huntoon was sure fond of him. He was crazy to get him out in the woods, but I tried to induce him to leave him in camp. It was no go, he couldn't hardly wait till next morning, and bright and early he started out with him alone. "On a little skirmish with him," he said it was. Well, the first thing Buster run up against was the biggest woodchuck he'd ever seen, and he must have went at him like a cyclone. The hedgehog just rolled himself up in a ball and told the Bay state terror to wade in and help himself, and he did. Well, it took us two hours to take about two hundred quills out of him from all parts of his ugly carcass. Huntoon got straddle of him and held him down, I pulled out the needles and Buster did the howling; he was pretty sick and Huntoon kept him at camp for a couple days, but after that he was up and ready again for anything in the woods, bar porcupine.

His next experience brought him no bodily injury, but it hurt his pride worse than anything that had ever happened to him, it was a lesson in speed. I do really give the dog credit that up to this time he had never met up with anything that could outrun him, he certainly could hump himself and leave space behind him. It was this way,

we were all coming along a tote road against a stiff wind, Buster was snooping on ahead as usual, we come around a sharp turn and come plump on to a fine Jersey calf. Now it is against the law for dogs to chase that kind of calves in the Maine woods, and Huntoon had told the warden at Machias that Buster had never seen or heard of a deer and wouldn't be allowed to catch one if he saw one.

He didn't catch him, but it was no thanks to either Buster or Huntoon, for he let out a yell and was after the doe like a shot out of a cannon. A few minutes later we got up on the top of the ridge, and there sat Buster looking up into the different trees, and all about him. I never saw such a flabbergasted expression on any dog's face, he whined, and looked at us for sympathy, he was trying hard to figure out just where the thing had disappeared to, and how he had done it, you could see him hang his head and think. I think he finally doubted if he had really seen anything at all. Huntoon had hard work to get him away from there, he was dazed and distracted, and didn't act himself again all that day.

It was a week later that Buster took his third degree and met his Waterloo. We were returning from a trip over to Loon lake with some nice trout

for supper. Buster as usual scooting all around ahead into every pokish looking cave and hole he could find, he'd hustled up rabbits and squirrels, and was having the time of his life, suddenly he gave an extra sharp yell and dove into a big hole in the ledge. I felt sorry for him in a minute, and sensed what was up, we both run towards the hole, then we heard the muffled sounds of terrible caterwauling and ki-yi-ing, clods of dirt, and clouds of dust come flying out of the hole, the snarls and howls grew louder, then out come Buster with a bob cat on his back executing about two thousand scratches to the minute, with all four claws, all over his anatomy. He didn't know what he was up against, whether it was a snarl of live wires or a flock of buzz saws, as they rolled down the little side hill into the gully it looked like one of those little cyclones that often kiter across country in summer. It was all over though in a minute, and the cat had bid him good day, call again, and had gone back into the hole to mind the kittens.

We took the remains of Buster down to the brook and soused him and washed him up, he looked as if some enterprising butcher had run him through a sausage machine. There might have been a spot on his hide the cat had missed, but we couldn't find it. Huntoon cried like a school

boy. I felt sorry for him, but I knew that Buster was all right, only badly scratched up, but that settled him for Maine, he was completely whipped, and every bit of his military ambition knocked out of him. We carried him to camp and he laid there for the remainder of Huntoon's stay, you couldn't get him a rod away, he was so sore that he would yell if you even looked at him, and he hadn't the courage to snap at a fly.

Huntoon has been down here several seasons since, but he did not bring Buster, nor has he ever even mentioned his name, not I either, and we've had comfort around the camp fire. I reckon he thought it best to leave him up in Massachusetts where the woodchucks' fur ain't composed of barbed needles, where the Jersey calves ain't exaggerated grasshoppers, and the cats ain't so robust and demonstrative.

*HANDS ACROSS THE WALL

At Gettysburg, in sixty-three,
The hosts of Meade, and the hosts of Lee.
Pride of the north, and hope of the south,
In the blistering sweep of the cannon's mouth.

Men of a Country, Men of a creed,
Fighting, that slaves be held, or freed,
And blood ran free from dead and maimed,
Heaped where the iron hail was aimed,
The choke and fume, the blighting pall,
Their red hands hurled across the wall.

At Gettysburg, Nineteen-thirteen,
A century's half now gone between,
Again the men of sixty-three,
The hosts of Meade, the hosts of Lee.

Hosts? Ah, no, just a Corporal's guard,
White haired, bent and battle scarred,
But, now met love, in hearts fast bound,
In blood that drenched that sacred ground,
And grand old Glory waved for all,
O'er hands firm clasped, across the wall.

*Written on the fiftieth anniversary re-union of the Gettysburg Veterans on the field, in 1913.

*THOU SHALT NOT KILL

"Thou shalt not kill,"
Hark ye, o'er all the land,
"Thou shalt not kill,"
Reads God's most stern command,
"Thou shalt not kill,"
"Vengeance alone is mine,"
So spake the Lord of hosts,
Let every ear incline.

God gave, and shall take away,
So saith his holy creed,
Man hath not law to slay,
Let Nations pause, and heed.

Who boasts of lightened days?
When such dark things remain,
Who points at savage ways
Hath pride that is in vain,
God save an erring world,
Shed on it righteous light,
Hold thy command unfurled,
Lead us from out the night.

*Written against capital punishment.



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